NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 22. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1847. WHOLE NUMBER 386.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum; Strictly in advance in all cases.

N. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Albatross.

PRO-SLAVERY PAPER AT PITTSBURG!

The following is the prospectus of the "Confederacy, a pro-slavery paper which is to be started in this city about the middle of this month, under the control of L. H. Fury & Co. We give it entire, except the portion referring to the terms, &c. in order that our readers may fully understand the nature of the scheme.

Under the head of "terms," we are told that the Confederacy will be one of the largest and handsomest papers in the Union, and yet (as we are informed in another place) it has sufficient backing to insure its continuance for a year, with or without subscribers. Where the large sum of money, required to fulfill this promise, is to come from, every man can guess for himself:

"At the suggestion of many friends and with the approbation of many distinguished gentlemen residing in different parts of the Union, we have concluded to commence a newspaper bearing the above title. The limits of a prospectus will not allow us to go into a detailed statement of the various causes which have prompted us to the undertaking. Sufficient for our present purpose is it to state, that every true friend to the perpetuation of the union of the States must feel deeply mortified to witness the systematic attempts now making to dissolve it—and cannot but deplore the silence of the Northern press, generally, upon the subject. A crisis is at hand. The 'Abolitionists,' 'Liberty men,' and advocates of the 'Wilmot Proviso,' seem determined either to force our Southern brethren to succumb to their views, or, as the alternative, sever the Union.

"From the apathy manifested in the North, it is supposed by many that north of Mason and Dixon's line, but one feeling exists on the subject; though this is not so, still, our silence is well calculated to suit the ends sought for by these demagogues. We are determined, therefore, so far as we are personally concerned, to do our part towards correcting the evil.

"When the institutions of one section of the Union are branded as 'infamous,' 'wicked,' and 'deserving the curse of God,'—particularly when those *institutions* were sanctioned or recognized by a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson, a Franklin, a Henry, and their contemporaries of Revolutionary days, we think it high time to raise a warning voice and put an end to the clamour. Is there more patriotism, more love of country, or a greater desire to see the present and future generations happy, contented, and free, actuating the Abolitionists in their present attempt to array one portion of the Union against the other, than governed the heroes and sages of '76? The comparison is odious.

"We may add that we have engaged as correspondents for the 'Confederacy' several gentlemen of the highest literary attainments. Were it politic or prudent, the names of gentlemen well known throughout the Union, as Statesmen and patriots, and who have contributed towards the getting up of the 'Confederacy,' might be given.

"Will those to whom this prospectus is sent procure us a few subsdribers, and send on the names, and money. There is not a paper in the State possessing the independence to oppose the present war upon our Southern brethren and their institutions, and anticipating opposition of the most virulent and personal character, we cannot but hope that our distant friends will lend a helping hand. We have already a guaranty to promise the continuance of the 'Confederacy,' for one year at least, still we desire a *circulation*, as without *it* our object cannot be accomplished."

From the Compact.

A CANDID WARNING.

We would warn the free coloured people against the fanatical designs and wicked machinations of the organized bands of Abolitionists, who would attempt to persuade them that by means of political combinations, secret conspiracies, or open violence, their condition may be improved, either socially or politically. Heed them not. No one, we presume, even in the South, is likely ever to interfere to restrict the freedom and privileges which the enfranchised portion of the African race now enjoy. They have nothing to fear from the South, as long as they are content to enjoy, in peace, the advantages they now possess. Their only danger is in being led to participate in the wild, agrarian, and unlawful measures contemplated by the organized societies of Abolitionists. The tendency of the doctrines of the abolition leaders is not only to engender deadly feud between the North and South, but to beget hostility between the free coloured people and the labouring classes of whites in the non-slaveholding States. They seek to persuade their victims that they are, and should be, *and may be*, equal in every respect to the whites; and seem to desire that they should strike a blow, some kind, (perhaps overthrow the Government,) for such equality. Such ideas are fallacious. Such schemes are impracticable and must result in injury to those who act upon them. Indeed there is not a non-slaveholding State, as we believe, in which the citizens have been willing to accord to the coloured people "equal rights and equal privileges." In what "free State" is the man of colour allowed the same right of suffrage enjoyed by the whites? Where do we find coloured men on the bench, or in the halls of legislation? Why do the Abolitionists tolerate such distinctions? We would advise the coloured people to investigate this matter, before they suffer, themselves to be entrapped by the designing fanatics into enterprises involving violations of the laws and inevitably resulting in injury to themselves. Let them reflect upon the condition of their brethren recently sentenced to long confinement in the penitentiary, for blindly following the unwise suggestions of Professor McClintock and others. Let them remember the tumultuous scenes in this city some ten years ago—the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, and the threatened massacre in Southwark. Let them reflect upon the refusal of Ohio to afford an asylum for the emancipated slaves of John Randolph. Let them think of the recent assult on the abolition convention in Illinois. Let them read the following item which we clip from the Ledger in this city:

"The Illinois State Convention has made it the duty of the Legislature, by a vote of 92 to 43, at its first session under the amended Constitution, to pass such laws as will effectually prohibit free persons of colour from immigrating to and settling in that State They are also to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the owners of slaves from the introduction of slaves into the state for the purpose of setting them free."

And then we ask them if it would not be wise, first to establish their own position in the North, before they are led to join in dangerous enterprises against the South? Before they give heed to the invitations of fanatics, to assist in exterminating the slave owners in the South, let them consider the danger of being exterminated themselves, by the inhabitants of the "Free states," in which they reside. Let the Abolitionists first establish them on terms of equality with themselves, or rather with the respectable white people of the North; after this has been done, then it will be time enough, to turn their attention to the South.

The advice we give is done in candour. We cannot be charged with interested motives. We wish the free coloured people well. If we wished them to be utterly ruined, we could desire nothing better to accomplsih the purpose, than for the Abolitionists to succeed in bringing an additional hundred thousand slaves from the South, and locating them in our large cities.

Selections.

REMARKS OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Delivered at Market Hall, on Friday evening.—Phonographic Report by [illegible].

I like radical measures, whether adopted by Abolitionists or slaveholders. I do not know but I like them better when adopted by the latter. Hence I look with pleasure upon the movements of Mr. Calhoun and his party. I rejoice at any movement in the slave States with reference to this system of Slavery. Any movement there will attract attention to the system—a system, as Junius once said to Lord Granby, "which can only pass without condemnation as it passes without observation." I am anxious to have it seen of all men: hence I am delighted to see any effort to prop up the system on the part of the slaveholders. It serves to bring up the subject before the people, and hasten the day of deliverance. It is meant otherwise. I am sorry that it is so. Yet the wrath of man may be made to praise God. He will confound the wisdom of the crafty, and bring to naught the counsels of the ungodly. The slaveholders are now marshalling their hosts for the propagation and extension of the institution—Abolitionists, on the other hand, are marshalling their forces not only against is propagation and extension, but against its very existence. Two large classes of the community, hitherto unassociated with the Abolitionists, have come up so far towards the right as to become opposed to the farther extension of the crime. I am glad to hear it. I like to gaze upon these two contending armies, for I believe it will hasten the dissolution of the present unholy Union, which has been justly stigmatized as "a covenant with death, an agreement with hell." I welcome the bolt, either from the North or the South, which shall shatter this Union; for under this Union lie the prostrate forms of three millions with whom I am identified. In consideration of their wrongs, of their sufferings, of their groans, I welcome the bolt, either from the eglestial or from the infernal regions, which shall sever this Union in twain. Slaveholders are promoting it—Abolitionists are doing so. Let it come, and when it does, our land will rise up from an incubus; her brightness shall reflect against the sky, and shall become the beacon light of liberty in the Western world. She shall then, indeed, become "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

For sixteen years, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and a noble army of the friends of emancipation have been labouring in season and out of season, amid smiles and frowns, sunshine and clouds, striving to establish the conviction through this land, that to hold and traffic in human flesh is a sin against God. They have been somewhat successful; but they have been in no wise so successful as they might have been, had the men and women at the North rallied around them as they had a right to hope from their profession. They have had to contend not only with skilful politicians, with a deeply prejudiced and proslavery community, but with eminent Divines, Doctors of Divinity, and Bishops. Instead of encouraging them as friends, they have acted as enemies. For many days did Garrison go the rounds of the city of Boston to ask of the ministers the poor privilege of entering their chapels and lifting up his voice for the dumb. But their doors were bolted, their gates barred, and their pulpits hermetrically sealed. It was not till an infidel hall was thrown open, that the voice of dumb millions could be heard in Boston.

I take it that all who have heard at all on this subject, are well convinced that the stronghold of Slavery is in the pulpit. Say what we may of politicians and political parties, the power that holds the keys of the dungeon in which the bondman is confined, is the pulpit. It is that power which is dropping, dropping, constantly dropping on the ear of this people, creating and moulding the moral sentiment of the land. This they have sufficiently under their control that they can change it from the spirit of hatred to that of love to mankind. That they do it not, is evident from the results of their teaching. The men who wield the blood-clotted cow-skin come from our Sabbath schools in the Northern States. Who act as slave-drivers? The men who go forth from our own congregations here. Why, if the Gospel were truly preached among us, a man would as soon think of going into downright piracy as to offer himself as a slave-driver.

In Farmington, two sons of members of the Society of Friends are coolly proposing to go to the South and engage in the honourable office of slave-driving for a thousand dollars a year. People at the North talk coolly of uncles, cousins, and brothers, who are slaveholders, and of their coming to visit them. If the Gospel were truly preached here, you would as soon talk of having an uncle or brother a brothel keeper as a slaveholder; for I hold that every slaveholder, no matter how pure he may be, is a keeper of a house of ill-fame. Every kitchen is a brothel, from that of Dr. Fuller's to that of James K. Polk's. (Applause.) I presume I am addressing a virtuous audience—I presume I speak to virtuous females—and I ask you to consider this one feature of Slavery. Think of a million of females absolutely delivered up into the hands of tyrants, to do what they will with them:—to dispose of their persons in any way they see fit. And so entirely are they at the disposal of their masters, that if they raise their hands against them, they may be put to death for daring to resist their infernal aggression.

We have been trying to make this thing appear sinful. We have not been able to do so yet. It is not admitted, and I hardly know how to argue against it. I confess that the time for argument seems almost gone by. What do the people want? Affirmation upon affirmation,—denunciation upon denunciation,—rebuke upon rebuke?

We have men in this land now advocating evangelical flogging. I hold in my hand a sermon recently published by Rev. Bishop Meade, of Virginia. Before I read that part in favour of evangelical flogging, let me read a few extracts from another part, relating to the duties of the slave. The sermon, by the way, was published with a view of its being read by *Christian* masters to their slaves. White black birds! (Laughter.)

(Mr. Douglass here assumed a most grotesque look, and with a canting tone of voice, read as follows.)

"Having thus shown you the chief duties you owe to your great Master in Heaven, I now come to lay before you the duties you owe to your masters and mistresses on earth. And for this you have one general rule that you ought always to carry in your minds, and that is, to *do all service for them, as if you did it for God himself.* Poor creatures! you little consider when you are idle, and neglectful of your master's business; when you steal, waste, and hurt any of their substance; when you are saucy and impudent; when you are telling them lies and deceiving them; or when you prove stubborn and sullen, and will not do the work you are set about, without stripes and vexation; you do not consider, I say, that what faults you are guilty of towards your masters and mistresses, are faults done against God himself, who hath set your masters and mistresses over you in his own stead, and expects that you will do for them just as you would do for him. And pray, do not think that I want to deceive you, when I tell you that your *masters and mistresses are God's overseers;* and that if you are faulty towards them, God himself will punish you severely for it."

This is some of the Southern religion. Do you not think you would "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth."—(Applause.)

I come now to evangelical flogging. There is nothing said about flogging—that word is not used. It is called correction; and that word as it is understood at the North, is some sort of medicine.—(Laughter.) Slavery has always sought to hide itself under different names. The mass of the people call it "our peculiar institution." There is no harm in that. Others call it (they are the more pious sort,) "our Patriarchal institution." (Laughter.) Politicians have called it "our social system;" and people in social life have called it "our domestic institution." Abbot Lawrence has recently discovered a new name for it—he calls it "unenlightened labour." (Laughter.) The Methodists in their last General Conference, have invented a new name—"the impediment." (Laughter.) To give you some idea of evangelical flogging, under the name of correction, there are laws of this description,—"any white man killing a slave shall be punished as though he shall have killed a white person, unless such a slave die under *moderate* correction." It commences with a plain proposition.

"Now when correction is given you, you either deserve it, or you do not deserve it."—(Laughter.)

That is very plain, almost as safe as that of a certain orator:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my opinion, my deliberate opinion, after a long consideration of the whole matter, that as a general thing, all other things being equal, there are fewer persons to be found in towns sparsely populated, than in larger towns more thickly settled." (Laughter.) The Bishop goes on to say—

"Whether you really deserve it or not," (one would think that would make some difference,) "it is your duty, and Almighty God requires that you bear it patiently. You may perhaps think that this is a hard doctrine," (and it admits of little doubt,) "but if you consider it right you must needs think otherwise of it." (It is clear as mud. I suppose he is now going to reason them into the propriety of being flogged evangelically.) "Suppose you deserve correction; you cannot but see it is just and right you should meet with it. Suppose you do not, or at least so much or so severe; you perhaps have escaped a great many more, and are at last paid for all. Suppose you are quite innocent; is it not possible you may have done some other bad thing which was never discovered, and Almighty God would not let you escape without punishment one time or another? Ought you not in such cases to give glory to Him?" (Glory!) (Much laughter.)

I am glad you have got to the point that you can laugh at the religion of such fellows as this Doctor. There is nothing that will facilitate our cause more than getting the people to laugh at that religion which brings its influence to support traffic in human flesh. It has deceived us so long that it has overawed us.

For a long time when I was a slave, I was led to think from hearing such passages as "servants obey, &c." that if I dared to escape, the wrath of God would follow me. All are willing to acknowledge my right to be free; but after this acknowledgment, the good man goes to the Bible and says, "after all I see some difficulty about this thing. You know, after the deluge, there was Shem, Ham, and Japhet; and you know that Ham was black and had a curse put upon him; and I know not but it would be an attempt to thwart the purposes of Jehovah, if these men were set at liberty." It is this kind of religion I wish to have you laugh at—it breaks the charm there is about it. If I could have the men at this meeting who hold such sentiments and could hold up the mirror to let them see themselves as others see them, we should soon make head against this pro-slavery religion.

I dwell mostly upon the religious aspects, because I believe it is the religious people who are to be relied on in this Anti-Slavery movement. Do not misunderstand my railing—do not class me with those who despise religion—do not identify me with the infidel. I love the religion of Christianity—which cometh from above—which is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of good fruits, and without hypocrisy. I love that religion which sends its votaries to bind up to the wounds of those who have fallen among thieves. By all the love I bear to such a Christianity as this, I hate that of the Priest and Levite, that with long-faced Phariseeism goes up to Jerusalem and worship, and leaves the bruised and wounded to die. I despise that religion that can carry Bibles to the heathen on the other side of the globe and withhold them from heathen on this side—which can talk about human rights yonder and traffic in human flesh here. I love that which makes its votaries do to others as they would that others should do to them. I hope to see a revival of it—thank God it is revived. I see revivals of it in the absence of the other sort of revivals. I believe it to be confessed now, that there has not been a sensible man converted after the old sort of way, in the last five years. Le Roy Sunderland, the mesmerizer, has explained all this away, so that Knapp and others who have converted men after that sort have failed.

There is another religion. It is that which takes off fetters instead of binding them on—that breaks every yoke—that lifts up the bowed down. The Anti-Slavery platform is based on this kind of religion. It spreads its table to the lame, the halt, and the blind. It goes down after a long neglected race. It passes, link by link till it finds the lowest link in humanity's chain—humanity's most degraded form in the most abject condition. It reaches down its arm and tells them to stand up. This is Anti-Slavery—this is Christianity. It is reviving gloriously among the various denominations. It is threatening to supercede those old forms of religion having all of the love of God and none of man in it. (Applause.)

I now leave this aspect of the subject and proceed to inquire into that which probably must be the inquiry of every honest mind present. I trust I do not misjudge the character of my audience when I say they are anxious to know in what way they are contributing to uphold Slavery.

The question may be answered in various ways. I leave the outworks of political parties and social arrangements, and come at once to the Constitution, to which I believe all present are devotedly attached—I will not say all, for I believe I know some, who, however they may be disposed to admire some of the beautiful truths set forth in that instrument, recognize its pro-slavery features, and are ready to form a republic in which there shall be neither tyrant nor slave. The Constitution I hold to be radically and essentially slaveholding, in that it gives the physical and numerical power of the nation to keep the slave in his chains, by promising that that power shall in any emergency be brought to bear upon the slave, to crush him in obedience to his master. The language of the Constitution is you shall be a slave or die. We know it is such, and knowing it we are not disposed to have part nor lot with that Constitution. For my part I had rather that my right hand should wither by my side than cast a ballot under the Constitution of the United States.

Then, again, in the clause concerning fugitives—in this you are implicated. Your whole country is one vast hunting ground from Texas to Maine.

Ours is a glorious land; and from across the Atlantic we welcome those who are stricken by the storms of despotism. Yet the damning facts remains, there is not a rood of earth under the stars and the eagle on your flag, where a man of my complexion can stand free. There is no mountain so high, no plain so extensive, no spot so sacred, that it can secure to me the right of liberty. Wherever waves the star-spangled banner there the bondman may be arrested and hurried back to the jaws of Slavery. This is your "land of the free," your "home of the brave." From Lexington, from Ticonderoga, from Bunker Hill, where rises that grand shaft with its cap stone in the clouds, ask, in the name of the first blood that spirted in behalf of freedom, to protect the slave from the infernal clutches of his master. That petition would be denied, and he bid go back to the tyrant.

I never knew what freedom was till I got beyond the limits of the American eagle. When I first rested my head on a British Island, I felt that the eagle might scream, but from its talons and beak I was free, at least for a time. No slaveholder can clutch me on British soil. There I could gaze the tyrant in the face and with the indignation of a tyrant in my look, wither him before me. But republican, Christian America will aid the tyrant in catching his victim.

I know this kind of talk is not agreeable to what are called patriots. Indeed some have called me a traitor. The profanely religious Journal, "The Olive Branch," edited by the Rev. Mr. Norris, recommended that I be hung as a traitor. Two things are necessary to make a traitor. One is, he shall have a country. (Laughter and applause.) I believe if I had a country, I should be a patriot. I think I have all the feelings necessary—all the moral material, save nothing about the intellectual. I do not know that I ever felt the emotion, but sometimes thought I had a glimpse of it. When I have been delighted with the little brook that passes by the cottage in which I was born,—with the woods and the fertile fields, I felt a sort of glow which I suspect resembles a little, what they call patriotism. I can look with some admiration on your wide lakes, your fertile fields, your enterprise, your industry, your many lovely institutions. I can read with pleasure your Constitution to establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty to posterity. Those are precious things to my mind. But when I remember that the blood of four sisters and one brother, is now on the soil of Maryland and Virginia,—when I remember that an aged grandmother who has reared twelve children for the Southern market, and these one after another as they arrived at the most interesting age, were torn from her bosom,—when I remember that when she become too much racked for toil, she was turned out by a professed Christian master to grope her way in the darkness of old age, literally to die with none to help her, and the institutions of this country sanctioning and sanctifying this crime, I have no words of eulogy I have no patriotism. How can I love a country where the blood of my own blood, the flesh of my own flesh, is now toiling under the lash?—America's soil reddened by the stain from woman's shrinking flesh.

No, I make no pretension to patriotism. So long as my voice can be heard on this or the other side of the Atlantic, I will hold up America to the lightning scorn of moral indignation. In doing this, I shall feel myself discharging the duty of a true patriot; for he is a lover of his country who rebukes and does not excuse its sins. It is righteousness that exalteth a nation while sin is a reproach to any people.

But to the idea of what you at the North have to do with Slavery. You furnish the bulwark of protection, and promise to put the slaves in bondage. As the American Anti-Slavery Society says, "if you will go on branding, scourging, sundering family ties, trampling in the dust your down trodden victims, you must do it at your own peril." But if you say, "we of the North will render you no assistance: if you still continue to trample on the slave, you must take the consequences," I tell you the matter will soon be settled.

I have been taunted frequently with the want of valour: so has my race, because we have not risen upon our masters. It is adding insult to injury to say this. You belong to 17,000,000, with arms, with means of locomotion, with telegraphs. We are kept in ignorance—three millions to seventeen. You taunt us with not being able to rescue ourselves from your clutch. Shame on you! Stand aside—give us fair play—leave us with the tyrants, and then if we do not take care of ourselves, you may taunt us. I do not mean by this to advocate war and bloodshed. I am not a man of war. The time was when I was. I was then a slave: I had dreams, horrid dreams of freedom through a sea of blood. But when I heard of the Anti-Slavery movement, light broke in upon my dark mind. Bloody visions fled away, and I saw the star of liberty peering above the horizon. Hope then took the place of desperation, and I was led to repose in the arms of Slavery. I said, I would suffer rather than do any act of violence—rather than that the glorious day of liberty might be postponed.

Since the light of God's truth beamed upon my mind, I have become a friend of that religion which teaches us to pray for our enemies—which, instead of shooting balls into their hearts, loves them. I would not hurt a hair of a slaveholder's head. I will tell you what else I would not do. I would not stand around the slave with my bayonet pointed at his breast, in order to keep him in the power of the slaveholder.

I am aware that there are many who think the slaves are very well off, and that they are very well treated, as if it were possible that such a thing could be. A man happy in chains! Even the eagle loves liberty.

"Go, let a cage, with grates of gold,
And pearly roof, the eagle hold;
Let dainty viands be his fare,
And give the captive tenderest care;
But say, in luxury's limits pent,
Find you the king of birds *content?*
No, oft he 'll sound the startling shriek,
And dash the grates with angry beak.
Precarious freedom 's far more dear,
Than all the prison's pamp'ring cheer!
He longs to see his eyrie's seat,
Some cliff on ocean's lonely shore,
Whose old bare top the tempests beat,
And round whose base the billows roar,
When tossed by gales, they yawn like graves,—
He longs for joy to skim those waves;
Or rise through tempest-shrouded air,
All thick and dark, with wild winds swelling,
To brave the lightning's lurid glare,
And talk with thunders in their dwelling."

As with the eagle, so with man. No amount of attention or finery, no dainty dishes can be a substitute for liberty. Slaveholders know this, and knowing it, they exclaim,—"The South are surrounded by a dangerous population, degraded, stupid savages, and if they could but entertain the idea that immediate, unconditional death would not be their portion, they would rise at once and enact the St. Domingo tragedy. But they are held in subordination by the consciousness that the whole nation would rise and crush them." Thus they live in constant dread from day to day.

Friends, Slavery must be abolished, and that can only be done by enforcing the great principles of justice. Vainly you talk about voting it down. When you have cast your millions of ballots, you have not reached the evil. It has fastened its root deep into the heart of the nation, and nothing but God's truth and love can cleanse the land. We must change the moral sentiment. Hence we ask you to support the Anti-Slavery Society. It is not an organization to build up political parties, or churches, nor to pull them down, but to stamp the image of Anti-Slavery truth upon the community. Here we may all do something.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife."

The Whig State Convention of New Hampshire, assembled at Concord on the 20th inst. passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in voting down the Wilmot Proviso at the last session of the Legislature, the dominant party proved that all their professions of regard and friendship for that proviso previous to the last election, were false and hypocritical, and that they ought not to be trusted on the great question of Slavery which is now agitating the whole country.

Resolved, That the existence of three millions of slaves in our free Republic is an evil affecting deeply all parts of the country, and as such demands the earnest attention and the counteracting influence of all true friends of Freedom and the Rights of Man.

Resolved, That the Ordinance of 1787 having prohibited Slavery in the only territory then possessed by the United States, and the Constitution having given Congress said power to establish the same in any case, that body had no right to extend to, or establish in, any territory which it might acquire, the institution of Slavery.

Resolved, That the prohibition of Slavery in such territory is due alike to the claims of justice and humanity, and to the rights and interests of the free States of this Union. That the establishment of a form of Government for the Territories belonging to Congress alone, it is the right and duty of that body to establish free Republican Institutions therein, to the exclusion of Slavery, while the same is under such Territorial Government. That for this purpose the Whigs of New Hampshire give their hearty approbation to the Wilmot Proviso, and hereby request use their utmost exertions to have the same adopted as an essential condition of acquiring any new territory, and as the fundamental law of such territory, when acquired.

Resolved, That in view of the past history of the Government and the present state of our national affairs in which the question of the visitation of Slavery, or its extension of new territory, is first among the great issue now before the people, that our Delegates to the National Convention be, and they are hereby instructed to vote for candidates for President and Vice President, who are not known to be in favour of the Wilmot Proviso and against the farther extension of Slavery.

Resolved, That as citizens of a free country, we claim and shall exercise the right at all times in a candid but fearless manner of expressing our opinions of the acts, whether of the State or National Administration, and whether those acts relate to peace or war, and that we regard the attempt of the President of the United States in his last Message to brand as traitors, all those citizens of the Republic who do not yield a blind obedience to his will, and approve his conduct in the unconstitutional commencement of the present war with Mexico, as an insult to freemen, and fit only to emanate from one who rules over slaves.

Resolved, That war is to be avoided at all times as a great calamity, especially to this country, as not congenial to the spirit of our institutions, or the feelings that should animate us in our intercourse with the nations of the earth, but that we regard the present war with Mexico as doubly hateful, inasmuch as it was unconstitutionally commenced by the act of the President in disregard of the rights of Congress, and as it is waged for the dismemberment of a sister Republic, upon pretexts that are false, and for a purpose that is abhorrent to all feelings of humanity and justice—and that although we award to the officers and men engaged in that war the praise that is due to skill, energy, and courage, yet we regard the glory acquired by our arms as an inadequate compensation for the blood that has been shed, the treasure that has been wasted, and the indelible stain that has been cast upon our national character by the prosecution of a war of conquest and ambition, the first, as we hope it may be the last, in the history of the Republic.

Resolved, therefore, That it is the duty of the Whigs of the country, by all exertions in their power to extricate the country from the condition into which it has been plunged by the madness of its rulers, and to procure a peace with Mexico as soon as it can be done consistently with the true honour and dignity of the American name, and by the termination of the war, set an example of justice and magnanimity that shall reflect as much honour upon the character of the American people for exercise of the moral virtues as they have acquired by the display of those of a military and heroic kind.

MEXICAN WAR.

The papers are filled with details of the news from Mexico—the entrance into the city—the capture of Gen. Bravo, &c. &c. The following dispatch seems to include in brief all the latest intelligence:

[By Telegraph to the Daily Press.]

PHILADELPHIA, October 21, 1847.

The New Orleans Delta's correspondent gives the following account of the entrance into the city, after the results and successes of the day: General Scott intended, on the morning of the 18th, to make a lodgment on the new Pavo, entering by the San Cosme gate, and bombard the city, and for this purpose the balance of General Twiggs's division was ordered from El Piedad to the support of General Worth."

On the night of the 13th, Santa Anna evacuated all his positions and retreated from the city, having had more than one-half of his army killed and wounded, or taken prisoners. Among the latter was General Bravo, with his staff, at Chapultepec. Santa Anna found that if he fought, as on the 14th, he would hardly have a body guard left to cover his retreat.

Early in the morning, the two columns took up their march. Generals Quitman and Smith, at the head of their columns, entered the grand National Plaza at 7 o'clock.

The column was formed in the Plaza by order of Gen. Quitman. The national flag of the vanguard, of the Cero Gordo Division, while the command came to a present, was flung to the breeze on the National Palace, and it now triumphantly waves over the Halls of the Montezumas.

General Worth's command halted four or five squares from the Plaza, where Colonel Garland was wounded.

About eight o'clock General Scott and staff in full feather, escorted by the cavalry, came into the city, amid the huzzas of the soldiery on all sides. As he entered, the band of the 2d dragoons, mounted, interested the staring crowds with "Hail Columbia."

As the escort entered the Grand Plaza, the band moved the patriotism of all of us to a little higher pitch, by the good old-fashioned national air of "Yankee Doodle."

One of the first acts of Gen. Scott was to appoint Gen. Quitman Civil and Military Governor of Mexico, and Col. J. F. Belton, Lieutenant-Governor. Gen. Quitman's department embraces the following officers: Capt. F. N. Page, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. M. Lovell, M. Wilcox, and R. P. Hammond, Aid-de-Camps; Capt. G. T. Davis, Secretary; Mr. Levi, Interpreter.

Throughout the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th, the Mexicans continued to fire from the corners and tops of the houses, killing some and wounding others. The artillery was first tried on them; but, owing to their unseen position, it was not effective.

The rifle regiment and some of the infantry were then sent in pursuit, which force silenced them where ever they went. The Mexicans were very much mistaken when they came to engage the rifles on the house-tops. During their revolutions, they would fight in this way for several days, without doing each other much injury; but the deadly fire of the rifles picked them out from their hiding places where they least expected it, and made them very willing to cease so unequal a combat.

Since our army arrived in the valley, we have lost about three thousand men in killed and wounded.

We have destroyed the Mexican army, of over thirty thousand men, upwards of six thousand of which have been taken prisoners.

We have captured seventy pieces of artillery; twenty-seven at the battle of Contreras; ten in a fort at Churubusco; and thirty-three on the 12th, 13th, and 14th.

The last of Mr. Kendall's letters, dated the 28th, mentions two rumours with regard to Santa Anna, one of which is, "That he had been taken prisoner by Colonel Childs," and the other "that he had been slain by General Alverez and the Congress of Puebla."

The following is one of the latest of Mr. Kendall's letters:

CITY OF MEXICO, September 25, 1847.

Assassinations continue. No less than ten murdered soldiers were found this morning in the vicinity of the quarter of San Peblo, and eight on the previous day. The fault lies partially with our own men, who straggle from their quarters, and get intoxicated at the first pulqueria, or grog shop; yet the first that is met, even in this state, is set upon by gangs of armed ruffians, which shows that a feeling of revenge and hatred obtains against us; and the frequency of the murders would prove that a regular system of assassination has been organized. The wire-workers are very likely some of the priests and leading men.

In my last, I stated that Col. McIntosh was sinking under his wounds. That brave officer died last night, and is to be buried tomorrow with military honours. He fell, pierced by two balls, while gallantly leading his men to attack the Casa Mata, on the 8th of September, and his system suffering under wounds received in former battles, was not able to overcome the shock. Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

Gen. Santa Anna has been proclaimed, by Senor Gamboa, as being a traitor to his country, having intentionally allowed the Americans to defeat him in every engagement; and finally, he accuses him of having destroyed the nationality of Mexico; the honour and glory of their unfortunate city; and of having compromised, in the calamity, all classes of society.

FRENCH LABOURING MEN.—It was a French artisan who uttered that beautiful saying, "He who labours prays."

We are yet in a dim twilight as to the true dignity of labour. But it shall pass away, and society march on into the broad sun-light, we shall *know* what it is to work—not to drudge, to slave ourselves to over-tasks, to make the physical superior to the mental and moral—but to work so as to command a competence, and with that develop fully all our better powers. Then will he who labours, pray.

The French workmen are, in many respects, in advance of the British on these subjects. They are less besotted with mere money getting. They honour their calling more, and have consequently more of personal independence, and self-respect. The thing itself—*labour*—is with them a virtue, as well as a blessing, and they hail the toiler as the man who is doing most for his race.

We find a beautiful instance of their large spirit recorded in the Anti-Slavery Reporter of London.—Victor Schoelcher was anxious to get through with the publication of his great work, "The History of Slavery,"—The Easter holidays were near, and not to lose time, he offered the workmen a gratuity if they would labour upon it during their continuance. Hear their noble reply:

"The Easter holidays will not be allowed to interrupt the composition of your book; you will therefore, receive without interruption, the necessary proofs. As to your generous proposition, the compositors deem it in honor to work without any gratuity for the holy cause you so nobly defend."

These are men of *heart*. They feel, and act out, bravely, the higher instincts of our nature. Nor do they this, in a harsh or narrow temper. It was the workmen of paris that petitioned first for the immediate termination of Slavery in the French West. India Colonies, and the *Reporter* says "we rejoice to know they need no stimulus to future and increased exertion, to promote the liberty and happiness of their fellow men."—[Louisville Examiner.

LETTER FROM MARIA EDGEWORTH.

To Josiah Quincy, Jr. Esq. Mayor of Boston and Chairman of the Relief Committee for the distressed Irish.

HONOURABLE AND HONOURED SIR,—I beg you will present the most grateful thanks of this town and the neighbourhood of Edgeworth-town, for the most seasonable relief which your committee afforded them in their utmost need. The fifty barrels of provisions, which you sent for this purpose by the United States ship Macedonian, arrived safely at the Cove of Cork; and the Limerick Auxiliary Committee (after some delay which has prevented your sooner receiving our thanks) gave me an order on Dublin for an equal quantity of meal, which I accepted, to avoid the expense of carriage and the danger of fall of price or of deterioration by keeping. The expenses of transport in Ireland were about five pounds ten shillings; the amount of cash obtained by the sale of the fifty barrels of corn, amounted to *forty pounds clear.*

This amount I put into the hands of our excellent Vicar (Rev. John Powell) in cash, as the contribution of friends in Boston, to the relief of the poor in this parish. The reason I put this into his hands in *cash* was, that on his sending information of this contribution to Government Relief Fund, in Dublin, the amount is doubled by them according to the usual practice, so that your forty pounds proceeds became eighty pounds relief for the poor of this town and neighbourhood. This sum, well managed, as it cannot fail to be by our excellent Vicar, will do all and more than we (the Boston contributors) hearts could desire for us.

Our harvest and the season promising well, we gratefully trust that our distress from famine and fever is over. But much will be required before the poor can support *themselves* again or regain their employments and habits of independence and exertions. What you have already put in our power, gentlemen of the Relief Committee of Boston, by these fifty barrels of provisions, (£80) will carry us through a difficult period, and we shall often in the course of it, thank you in our hearts and prayers. Permit me, dear Sir, through you to your Committee, on my own part my particular thanks for the honour and pleasure they have done me by this mark of their confidence, by the high distinction they have conferred upon me by placing their bounty at my disposal. I consider it as the greatest honour and gratification which I have received in the whole course of my long life, and in my 81st year, I can assure you I feel it most warmly; and am especially glad to owe this pleasure to American friends—from whom known and unknown personally I have received so much.

I am, Honoured Sir, your grateful,
MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworth-town, Aug, 28th, 1847.

Boston Papers.

From the Evening Post.

THE WAY TO BREAK DOWN A PARTY.

There is no surer method of destroying a political party than that of keeping it by any sort of management from freely expressing and following out its opinions. The strength of a party lies in the earnestness and sincerity with which its doctrines are maintained, and the energy of impulse by which it seeks to reduce them to practice. Strip it of these, and you divest it of what constitutes its life. No party, which is muzzled by the arts of those who seek to act as its leaders, can have any moral force in the community. It has then no enthusiasm, no enterprise, no energy.

The successful attempt of the Conservatives and their allies in the Syracuse Convention to prevent an expression of the views entertained by an immense majority of the Democratic party in this State, concerning one of the great political questions of the day, that question which the Southern Statesmen declare to be "paramount to all others," was an act of the grossest treachery, even in a mere party view. It was an attempt to wrest from the people of the Democratic party one of their great and cherished purposes, and unless something is done to retrieve the consequences of that step, will leave us utterly weak, defenceless, and a prey to our political adversaries.

The Democrats of this State, took, long ago, their stand upon the question of opening free territory to Slavery. The Democratic Representatives in Congress from this State, with but one or two exceptions, and those insignificant ones, voted for the Wilmot Proviso: and even they who voted against it, professed to be friendly to its principle whenever the territory should be acquired. The people of New York warmly approved of the doings of their Representatives, and supported them by emphatic resolutions, adopted by public meetings. The Democracy of New York had taken its ground and declared its course on this question.

The same party it seems, is now expected to turn a short corner. A power from without is applied to fashion our politics after the Southern pattern. All that we have said, we are by-and-by to unsay—silence at first, and then retraction. The gag was applied at the Syracuse Convention; and as soon as the patient is a little tractable, his jaws are to be opened, and he is to be made to swallow Mr. Burt's compromise, lately adopted by Mr. Buchanan.

A party which allows itself to be treated in this manner, which abandons a high and noble ground, taken with the sympathies of all the best minds of the North in its favour, and abandons it for no other reason than that it is displeasing to certain people in other States, claiming the right to enforce political uniformity—signs its own death-warrant. The views of the people are not changed; if the political leaders change theirs, the people will not follow them; the apostates will be simply disgraced and deserted. The Washington Union refers to the late Democratic Conventions in Connecticut and Massachusetts, in which resolutions against the extension of Slavery to free territory were rejected, as examples of the popular feeling in those States. Nothing can be more fallacious; the people of the Democratic party in both these States are enemies to the extension of Slavery.—The resolutions were not rejected by any act of theirs—it was a proceeding procured by influence from without. In both those States the Democratic party is emasculated by it—unnerved, disheartened, and shorn of the moral strength that arises from generous zeal, the sense of freedom, and sincerity of purpose.

The Union talks of the distracted condition of the Democratic party in this State. No small part of the

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blame for this must be laid at the door of that print.—The Democratic party here were last Winter united on this question; the expression of public opinion against the extension of Slavery was clear and universal. They would have been united still; the Conservatives, a mere handful, would have respected the general sentiment, if the Union had not given them a new article for their political creed, and sought to make the District of Columbia the arbiter of the politics of New-York.

We shall do what we can at the Herkimer Convention to redress the mischief which has been done. We shall endeavour to keep with us those who respect consistency—those who look upon the white man's resolution as involving important issues, both of right and policy—those who look upon it as a great moral question—those who look upon it as a question of religious obligations—those who are not accustomed to tack and veer in the opening at the dictates of a leader. Those men, we are determined shall not be driven from our side.

The Boston Whig has been publishing a series of articles on the Springfield Convention. We make an extract from the last:

The Pittsfield Eagle remarks that the speeches of Mr. Winthrop were much applauded, particularly by the Boston delegates. To this applause we know of no one disposed to raise the smallest objection, had the persons alluded to confined themselves within that limit. But it was a matter of remark at the time, even in the Convention itself, that not content with boisterous expressions of approbation of speakers whom they favoured, they manifested extreme unwillingness to listen with patience to anything that might be said on the other side. Some of them hissed Mr. Adams, it is true, but a little palliation for that may be found in the fact that a part of what he said severely tried their temper. The same apology cannot be made for the manner in which they sneered at Mr. Sumner, positively hissed Mr. Palfrey, trying at the same time by noise and tumult to deter him from speaking at all, and attempted absolutely to drown the voice of Mr. Phillips in loud cries for the question. We are gratified by the reflection that all this kind of action was strictly confined to one side of the house, and that although some passages of Mr. Winthrop's speech, (not to speak of Mr. Webster's,) were quite as offensive to portions of the audience as anything that was said during the day, there was no manifestation whatsoever of disapprobation or even of impatience. Even when the President twice gave to Mr. Winthrop the floor when it belonged to others, for the purpose of making explanations which turned out to be speeches, there was no violation of the rules of Parliamentary courtesy. Neither did one of the minority complain that his rights were not protected as they should have been by the presiding officer, although the fact was felt by nearly all of them, and by many of the listeners besides.

The question was taken upon Mr. Palfrey's resolution at a late hour, and when the Convention was weary and anxious to be dissolved. A statement has gone the rounds of the papers that it was lost by a large majority. We believe this to be a mistake, caused in a great degree by the rapid manner in which the question was put by the President. The vote was taken by show of hands, and as the negative was put so immediately after the hands first raised were not withdrawn when the last were called for, it certainly looked as if there were a great majority on one side or the other, it was hard to tell which. The President called it in the negative, and it was too late to dispute it with him with any chance of success. But as a proof of the effect which his mode of action produced, we can say, that to the last minute there were quiet and respectable country members going around the hall inquiring what had become of Mr. Palfrey's motion, and supposing that it had passed.

If we may be allowed to express our opinion, it would be that under the effect of the vehement party appeals of Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, the motion was lost by a small majority. That majority, as well as the one in the morning, was much less than the number of the Boston delegation which entered into it. All the opposition made came from the Boston members. Thus is again remarkably verified the assertion which we made at the time of the primary meeting in this city, to wit, that there is no earnest support of the Wilmot Proviso among the Whigs of Boston. If there had been, it is not hazarding much to say, that Mr. Palfrey's resolution would have been adopted almost unanimously.

On Mr. Palfrey's resolution, the Boston Courier remarks:

Mr. Palfrey's resolution is likely to become as celebrated as the Wilmot Proviso. Although rejected by the State Convention at Springfield, and frequently derided, and treated with contemptuous mockery by some of the Whig journals, it has been adopted, substantially if not literally, in most of the County Conventions throughout the Commonwealth. The sentiment which is involved in it, we believe, is the prevailing sentiment of the great mass of the people in the interior—at least of a large majority of the Whigs. It will soon be the prevailing if not the overwhelming sentiment of New-England, and, we trust, of all the free States.

Communications.

Letter from G. B. Stebbins.

HUME, Alleghany county, N. Y. }
September 16, 1847. }

FRIEND GAY:—For the past ten days I have been travelling, in company with Joseph C. Holley, through this "land of the forest and the rock," holding meetings to awaken the minds of the dwellers among the wild hills to a sense of the evils of Slavery.

Our first stopping place in this county was at the little village of Almond, which we reached by a ride of thirty miles from the southern limit of Livingston county, passing over hills of no mean elevation, and travelling for a long distance by the bed of a rapid stream, sometimes hemmed in on either side by rugged hills, and again flowing through a narrow valley, contrasting strongly by its aspect of culture and plenty, with the black rocks and dark gloomy pine forests on either side.

Almond is on the banks of one of the swift streams with which this Alpine country abounds. Along its side can be seen the yet unfinished work for the track of the New York and Erie Railroad, and the day is not far distant when the shrill whistle of the engine will ring thro the hills, and the swift car rolling over its iron path, open the way for the dwellers in this mountain land to find ready access to the seaboard, and your own great city.—We reached Almond on Saturday night, and on Sunday, at two and seven o'clock, P. M. held meetings in the Baptist Church, to full audiences. The people are not very deeply imbued with anti-slavery principles, but they listened attentively, and carried home quite a number of pamphlets.

We also held two meetings on Sunday and Monday evenings, in a schoolhouse some three miles distant, with a fair audience. Tuesday morning we left for Alfred, distant but six miles to the south, and followed most of the distance the course of a little stream, along which the road wound, to avoid the hills. We first called at the house of an elder of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination; one of the few clergymen who are ready to look the Anti-Slavery movement in the face, and dare follow Truth and Freedom at all hazards. A meeting was appointed in the little meeting-house by his home, but a severe storm prevented people from gathering. In the afternoon we went to the village, a little cluster of neat dwellings, surrounded by rugged hills. A large academy, of a high order, under the care of the Seventh day Baptists, though not peculiarly sectarian in its teachings, gives life and character to the place. The academy buildings stand in a pleasant grove, on the hillside east of the village, and the two hundred scholars passing to and fro from boarding places to study, impart an air of cheerful activity very different from the quiet usually ruling in such places.

Notwithstanding a severe storm, the academy chapel was filled in the evening with an audience composed of a large number of the scholars and inhabitants of the village. Mr. Holly spoke of the oppressive laws of the District of Columbia, and the influence of Slavery to crush the nonslaveholding population of the South, and I addressed the audience for an hour or more on the influence of Slavery on the literature of the country, its songs, its poetry, its theological, historical, and miscellaneous writings.

The next evening a larger hall in the academy was opened by the Principal, Mr. Kenyon. We were invited to share the hospitality of the school family, and addressed a good audience on the doctrine of "No Union with Slaveholders." They listened with attention, although most were advocates of the Liberty party. We left a good number of publications, and two copies of the Standard. Our whole intercourse with the teachers and students of the institution and the people of the place left a favourable impression. There was a frankness, a readiness to hear, not always found among those of different views; and especially could it be noticed that the influences at the academy were favourable to the spread of Anti-Slavery truth. May they all go on in the great and good work of "breaking the bonds of the oppressed and letting the captive go free." We left on Thursday morning for Friendship, distant twenty-five miles, and travelled over the worst road, some part of the way, I ever saw—through deep, dark pine woods, crossing hills that well might be called mountains, and dragging along through bottomless pits of mud, by the banks of turbid, swollen streams, roaring and foaming on their swift way to swell the waters of the Genesee. The snow, too, fell thick and fast at intervals, fierce blasts howling through the trees, and driving the keen snow in our faces with the violence of a December storm. Indeed it is said that the severity of the weather for a few days past has been unparalleled in this region at this early season of the fall. We reached our stopping place just at dusk, and drove under shelter in the midst of the most severe snow which had fallen through the day, shook off the white flakes from our overcoats, *shovelled* the show (*truth*) out of our wagon, and gladly sat down by a warm fire. Finding no appointment made for a meeting, we thought best to come here, and be in season for our Sunday work. A ride of twenty odd miles brought us here at dusk last night. Our route most of the way down the valley of the Genesee, with deep mud interminable, and possessing large "adhesiveness," to travel through. Some four miles south of here we left the Genesee valley, and by a series of rapid ascents, soon found ourselves some three or four hundred feet above it, looking down upon its bed at the foot of a steep bluff almost beneath our feet. This village is on the banks of a stream called Cold creek, which descends some three hundred feet in the space of three or four miles. We found arrangments made by friends for meetings today, and tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening.

Monday, October 18th.—Our meetings have been good ones in Hume. The Presbyterian Church was opened for us on Sunday, at two and seven o'clock, and was well filled with an attentive audience. We are now about to leave this county, and go into Wyoming.

Your friend in the cause,

G. B. STEBBINS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1847.

A late number of the New York Observer contains a letter from a French correspondent, which we are somewhat at a loss to understand. Not that we doubt the truth of the statements which it contains, for we dare say they are as true of France, as we know they are of this country; but we are puzzled to know in what sense our dignified and solemn neighbour takes them, and what motive he had in the publication. The vivacious virulence with which he usually pounces upon his opponents forbids the idea that his solemnity is of that common sort which deceives nobody, because everybody understands it at sight, to be nothing but stupidity; and we cannot, therefore, think that he has allowed himself to be imposed upon by some witty dog who is making fun of him. But if we toss him from this horn of the dilemma, it is only to impale him upon the other; for it is no less difficult to believe that he could publish this letter without understanding—whether the writer meant it or not—that it is a very clear and straightforward account of the aspect of the Anti-Slavery question in this country, and the bitterest satire upon the Observer and its readers. We should, indeed, be glad to give our neighbour the benefit of a doubt, and hope that the publication of the letter is only the first stone of the bridge whereon he means to pass from his pro-slavery to an anti-slavery position. But our knowledge of the past puts such a damper upon any hopes of that character, that we are forced to the conclusion, that he absolutely believes—strange as it may seem—that this sad state of things depicted by his correspondent, can only exist in France, or some other of the "crumbling monarchies" of the old world. On our virgin soil, and under the benign and blessed influence of our free and enlightened, and Christian institutions, such inhuman indifference to the condition of the slave could not exist—the spirit of such tyranny could find no place. We hope that he really has some faith of this sort, though he would thereby be acquitted, in some measure, of hypocrisy, at the expense of his common sense.

The Anti-Slavery question, says the Observer's correspondent, is not popular in France. A few men engage in it with zeal, and the Chamber of Deputies manifest a true sympathy for the Negroes. But the mass are indifferent to the subject. They do not, even in their political elections, interrogate the candidates, of so little consequence do the public consider the freedom of the slaves; or if thought of at all, it is a secondary object, to be attended to only when there is nothing else to do. How devoutly thankful must the Observer's people be that they live in a country where there is no parallel to political profligacy like this.

This unpardonable indifference to the cause of human freedom, the writer attributes to several causes. Some of the people of France, it seems, are as stupid as they areinhuman. When Emancipation is mentioned to such persons, they exclaim, "a foolish and dangerous conceit!" The blacks, they declare, are not prepared for freedom, and in proof of this absurd position, they appeal to the "massacres of St. Domingo." Here is an end to all argument. There is no beating it into such people, as we learn from this letter-writer, that the insurrection in that island was the result of Slavery, and that Emancipation was resorted to to put an end to servile and civil war. He does not himself seem to understand that, and seems rather to avoid the question whether the motive to insurrection is not taken away, the moment, the cause—Slavery—is removed? It is astonishing that these people cannot comprehend, that if a slave wants to cut his master's throat, he will do so when he is held as a slave, and not when he is made a freeman. He cuts throats because he is *not* a freeman, not because he is. Was there ever such stupidity?—we ask the Observer.

The second cause of apathy is, "our political turmoils." The French are a selfish people, and take more interest in their petty struggles for political power, than in the great cause of FREEDOM. This writer has often heard "respectable people!"—think of it!—*respectable people* say: "The Anti-Slavery question is premature. We have other evils to remedy! Let us begin by obtaining the emancipation of the Whites, and then we will labour to free the Blacks!" But these, no doubt, are Fourierites, and we hope the Observer will not forget this new argument against them in the warfare it wages against that class. It has never yet used it, probably because it was not aware of it, and because it is of little consequence in this country, where, as the Observer knows, we are all "free and equal."

Another cause is, the hostility of the political press of Paris to the views of the Abolitionists. "A few obscure journals," says the writer, "commend the object," but the most influential papers keep clear of it. The time is not yet come, they say, for action upon the subject, and they deprecate the rashness with which it is treated, by the advocates of Immediate Emancipation. It is generally supposed, he adds, that the planters bribe these venal editors, for though they acknowledge even that Black Men have a sacred right to Liberty—that All Men are born Free and Equal—they admit into their columns articles advocating the maintenance of Slavery as a duty!

But the grand reason why the Anti-Slavery cause is not more popular in France is, that "the *French lack fixed and lofty principles.*" Here is the secret of the whole difficulty. They are not Bible Christians. He does not hesitate to say "they are ignorant of the Bible!" Their religion is formal rather than spiritual. If they had, we may remark here, the Gospel privileges of this country how different it would be? But they care for nothing but making money. They do not ask what is just or unjust, what is good or evil, but what a thing will *pay*.—What good will Emancipation do us? or our friends? or our children? they ask. We have something else to do than to take care of *niggers*. The Abolitionists are fanatics—visionaries—and had better mind their own business. This, we understand, from this writer is the popular sentiment, and he very properly and pertinently, put this question, "If there were a more elevated morality in France, would it not be very easy to free the Negroes of our Colonies?" To be sure it would. Everyone is for us here to see that because the French are immoral people, they make no efforts for the abolition of Slavery, and even throw obstacles in the way of the few who are labouring for it. The Observer may very well leave it to its correspondents to inculcate incidentally so self-evident a truth as that.

But the Observer's bold correspondent goes farther. From arraigning the people for their immorality, he comes to arraigning the people's guides—the Priests. He refers of course, to the Catholic Priests, for such a thing was never heard of in France, or anywhere else, in a Protestant pro-slavery clergyman. He says, they "show indifference in regard to the negroes!" Absolutely are indifferent to the Slavery of their fellow-creatures! Is it not time, we ask, that the Protestants of this country were aroused to the corruption of the Romish Church, whose priests in France are absolutely *indifferent* to the existence of Slavery in the West India Islands? "They might," says the writer, "by taking the lead, give a happy direction to the public mind." No doubt they might, but they do not do it. And, again he says: "It would be natural to expect that ecclesiastics—*men who call themselves servants of Jesus Christ*—would be at the head of such a crusade. But they have not been." We wonder that the Observer does not sound the tocsin of alarm louder than ever against the Church in this country that can suffer such men to be its ministers—in France.

But this is not the worst. These corrupt sons of the Scarlet Woman, are more than indifferent. We are not sure that the fact we are about to state will be credited even on the word of a correspondent of the New York Observer, it seems so incredible. These priests, it appears, have a Seminary at Paris, called the Seminary of the *Holy Spirit*, where young men are educated for the priesthood—for the ministry, as we say. "And what do you think is taught to these young men?" asks the correspondent. But the Observer having, no doubt, the Andover Theological Seminary in mind, and thinking that but one doctrine could be taught by Christian teachers on the subject of Slavery, lets the correspondent answer his own question, which he does thus: "The professors teach them that the slavery of the blacks is proper, *because it is instituted by the established Government*,—that it would be a sin to advocate emancipation,—*that the servitude of the African race is attributable to the divine will,—and lastly that it is for the planters themselves to decide this matter!*" Can anything be more dreadful than this? "Intelligent priests, truly!" he exclaims, and no wonder.

The character of priests thus educated, is just what we should expect. When they get among the slaveholders,—for they are sent to the West Indies,—they take very little care of the negroes. They baptize them, receive them at communion, and exhort them to attend mass. "Nothing more." Anything that really deserves the name of religious instruction, the poor creatures never receive, and considering the education of their spiritual guides, it does not strike us as being any great loss. To tell them that Paul returned a fugitive slave to his owner—that when he said, "servants be obedient to your masters," he meant slaves obey your overseers—that the saying "he that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes," is a positive injunction to French slaveholders not to spare the cart-whip—that the Patriarchs of the Old Testament, the men after God's own heart, were slaveholders, and therefore, Slavery is sanctioned by the Bible—to tell them these things, and call it Christianity, is, it seems to us, a great deal worse than no teaching at all. Better they should hold, as this writer says they do, to "the gross traditions of Paganism." Does not the Observer agree with us?—Would not any sincere Christian scout as the rankest infidelity, such teachings as these, and deny the very name of Christian to so corrupt a priesthood? We trust the Observer has not a reader who would not agree with us. We are sure they will when they learn further, as this writer assures us, that some of those very priests "*themselves hold slaves*, and treat them no better than other masters." They even accept the hospitality of the planters, "live very comfortably and *denounce bitterly the Abolitionists.*" We call the attention of the American Board to this accumulation of atrocities, and submit it to the Observer, whether it is not failing in its duty to the cause of Christ, if it does not immediately set on foot a missionary effort, which shall preach secession from a corrupt Church that can tolerate such a priesthood—in the West Indies. We are glad to see that this scandalous conduct of the clergy has excited the indignation of one good man—Count de Montalembert,—who has formally expressed his disapprobation of it in the Chamber of Peers.

We need not follow this letter-writer farther. The rest of his communication is a detail of the efforts that are making by petitions to bring the subject of Slavery before the Government, and to induce some action upon it; and an account of their success last year, when in the Chamber of Peers the petition was disdainfully rejected, but was favourably entertained, though not granted, in the Chamber of Deputies. He closes by answering emphatically *No*, to the question he supposes the Observer will ask, as to their having any ground to hope for the speedy success of the Anti-Slavery movement in France. In view of the statement he makes, and of which we have given a faithful account, we quite agree with him.

Now what has the Observer to say to all this? Are these things which are wrong in France, right in America? or is that a Christian duty in that country, which is not in this? We presume our neighbour will not condescend to reply.

The Compact.

We are glad to see the friends of the Peculiar Institution rallying around it for its defence. It is hopeful and encouraging. Slavery, rampant as it seems now with its revel in the Halls of the Montezumas, and ready as the political parties are to do its behests, would not demean itself to a defence of its rightful and legal existence, unless it felt urged to it by a strong necessity. It seems to us that the people are palsied—struck dumb—in astonishment and fear at the magnificent daring of the Slave-Power; but we hope,—we cannot help hoping—that they are not struck morally dead also. We have faith that it is only suspension of speech, and power of moving, and not death which has come over the nation. Dark as the times are, base as our great men are proving themselves to be, more and more, every day, yet do we believe that behind the leaders—the priests and the politicians,—*men* are nourishing their strength who will shake the civil Compact in ruins about the heads of those who think it immortal. And the South knows this. Its instincts, if nothing else, prompt it to efforts of self-preservation.—The South Carolina politicians would not establish a pro-slavery paper at Washington—though so far as that city itself is concerned they need not be anxious—without a motive. Slavery would not seek to plant an outpost at Pittsburgh, and another at Philadelphia, unless she feared an invasion from the North.

A new pro-slavery paper, just started at Philadelphia, is before us. We are glad to see it. It is well named "The Compact," and its editor and proprietor is announced—and the name looks like a real one—as J. B. Jones. It seems strange, but we have no doubt that several others could be found in that city who would defend Slavery publicly. This Mr. Jones evidently thinks that it is the very Ark of Safety to this country; that the nation is almost God-forsaken, and on the brink of irretrievable ruin from its anti-slavery tendencies. He throws himself before the people as a prophet of the Lord, and he expects a prophet's reward. He does demand as a right that no one shall arraign the purity of his motives, though he expects to become of no reputation. Hitherto the Constitution and the Union have withstood all attacks upon them. But now there is need enough for patriotism, and morality, and religion, to take the alarm when a party is organized which "denounces the Constitution itself." Mr. Jones is the man to save the State; and the Compact, with its warning words, is before the world. He deserves the gratitude of everybody; of the slaveholders, for coming to their defence; and of the Abolitionists, for doing so in a manly and straightforward way.

The Wilmot Proviso is the chief object of Mr. Jones' attack at the outset. But he is too much of a philosopher not to go behind that. He contends that the very keystone of the Compact is Slavery. We agree with him, and wish him all success in impressing that fact upon the people. It is the end for which we also labour, though not for the same purpose. We want the people to understand that the original purpose of this Union was to protect Slavery, and that it has never done anything else. We shall rejoice if Mr. Jones will prove to them that that is the only business we have as a nation, and that we are engaged in our appropriate work in robbing Mexico of her territory to cut up into slave plantations. When they have learned that lesson, we have faith, they will begin upon another.

Nullification.

Various meetings are called in South Carolina for the purpose of organizing the people against the Wilmot Proviso, and to let the people of the North know what they have to expect in case they insist—which, by the bye, they have no intention of doing—upon the principles of that provision. The threat of excluding the ships and commerce of the North from Southern ports would bring Whigs and Democrats alike upon their marrow-bones, had they not already determined to let the South have her own way as usual. At one of the meetings referred to, where Waddy Thompson was present and made a speech, three resolutions were passed to the effect,—"That no treaty is binding prohibiting Slavery on territory got either by conquest, purchase, or treaty.

"That no fraternization in caucus or elsewhere, can be had with the Wilmot Proviso men.

"That, if mild measures cannot save the South from such a treaty, or such a proviso, 'we (the South) are prepared to retaliate by adopting the high measures of excluding their ships and commerce, and that with the certain conviction that it would bring the intelligent and patriotic of the nonslaveholding States to unite with us to put down forever these unjustifiable assaults on our rights, honour, and safety; but, if in that we should be deceived, we are prepared to throw the responsibility on our assailants, and take the final remedy into our own hands, without the least fear that we shall be the greatest sufferers.'"

Dr. Colyer.

The following letter from Dr. Colyer, in the New Orleans Delta, vindicating his claims to the sympathies of the South, is no way very remarkable, but we give it a place in the Standard as one of the daily evidences that come before us of the mean truckling to the slave power common at the North. Dr. Colyer was accused by the Delta of being an Abolitionist, and he repels the charge with indignation, referring to "all the American clergymen who attended the Evangelical Alliance," and to the editor of the Boston Post, for the non-abolitionism of his character. Dr. Colyer is at present in New York, with a company of men and women whom he exhibits nightly in groups representing the naked statuary of the Greeks. We observe in his advertisement that one of his female figures represents the "Genius of America." The Doctor should place a whip in her hand to conciliate the Southern cities where he may have occasion to exhibit his living statuary, and he might gain a large number of pious visitors by putting at the bottom of his advertisements his references to all the American clergymen who attended the Evangelical Alliance in London.—B.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30th, 1847.

To the Editors of the N. O. Delta—Gentlemen: In a recent number of your journal you have alluded to me in terms which I am sure you will most willingly correct, because they have been made under a misimpression in relation to my sentiments.

Last summer, in London, at a public meeting convened by Lloyd Garrison, Wright, and Frederick Douglass, three rank Abolitionists—where all Americans were invited especially to attend—I, with about two hundred from the United States were present. After several most violent and intemperate harangues, from Garrison, Wright, and Douglass, traducing the South, I was the *only one* who took the platform, and opposed the false aspersions adduced against the South—and would have succeeded most effectually, had I not used the term "Coloured man Douglass." I refer you to all the American clergymen who attended the Evangelical Alliance, in London; also, to Col. Greene, of the Boston Post, in corroboration of what I now assert.

I request you to give a contradiction to your statement which denominates me an "Abolitionist."

And oblige, yours, truly,

ROBERT H. COLYER.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—It is stated that at the battle of Buena Vista one of the companies was commanded by a Methodist parson. Just before the battle commenced, and while the troops were forming, he put up at the head of his company, the following fervent and pithy petition. It is admirable for its brevity, and is entirely in accordance with the spirit of American Christianity. The Rev. Captain, in his prayer for "plenty of powder, plenty of daylight, and no cowards," shows how entirely he appreciates the truth of the saying of the French Marshal, "that the God of Hosts is always with the heaviest batallions":

"Be with us this day in the conflict, O Lord! We are few, and the enemy are many. Be with us as thou wast with Joshua when he went down from Gilgal to Bethho-ron and Ajalon, to smite the Amorites. We do not ask thee for the sun and moon to stand still, but grant us plenty of powder, plenty of daylight, and no cowards.—Take old Rough and Ready under thy special charge.—AMEN! MARCH."

☞ Sometime since, says the Era, appeared the following notice in the Charleston Mercury:

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

We find the following in a late number of the *Cheraw Gazette*:

"From a book published by the above society, entitled, 'Jacob and his Sons; or the Second Part of a Conversation between Mary and her Mother,' we extract the following, which may be found on pages 45 and 46.

"'What is a slave, mother?' asked Mary. 'Is it a servant?'

"'Yes,' replied her mother; 'slaves are servants, for they work for their masters, and wait on them; but they are not hired servants, but are bought and sold, like beasts, and have nothing but what their master chooses to give them. They are obliged to work very hard; and sometimes their masters use them cruelly, beat them, and starve them, and kill them; for they have nobody to help them. Sometimes they are chained together, and driven about like beasts.'"

The Board of Managers of the South Carolina Sunday School Union deemed the matter one worth their attention, and accordingly the proper steps were taken, and the following explanation made in a late number of the Mercury:

"The objectionable *pages* pointed out in one (and *but* one) of the Society's publications, embracing now several thousand volumes, and which have been made the theme of the most unqualified and unwarrantable assertions, have been in print nearly *twenty* years, and, during that time, (although the language may be regarded as obnoxious to the South,) has never been brought to the notice of the Publishing Committee. The work referred to was issued at a time when the subject was comparatively but little agitated, and under such circumstances that, if all the facts of the case were detailed, would vindicate the society from any disposition to agitate or meddle with a topic *altogether foreign* to the designs of the American Sunday School Union.

"The Board of Managers of the South Carolina Sunday School Union are happy in being able to state, that, upon a representation of this subject recently made to the Committee of Publication, in Philadelphia, they unanimously resolved to 'drop the objectionable book from their catalogue,' and have instructed one of their Vice Presidents, residing in this city, (Charles Edmonston, Esq.) to receive from the Charleston Depository any copies of the objectionable work remaining unsold, and to return the same.' Thus the Parent Society has given the most substantial evidence of its disposition to circulate and publish no work that is exceptionable in its character and spirit to the *American public*. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the confidence of this Board in the American Sunday School Union is undiminished; and that the recent action of their Committee of Publication is sufficient pledge that nothing will at any time hereafter be issued from the press under their control calculated to awaken *sectarian* feeling or *sectional* jealousy.

"B. LANNEAU, President.

"WILLIAM B. HEBIOT, Rec. Secretary.

"N. B. The Carolina Baptist, Cheraw Gazette, and other papers which have taken any notice of the work referred to, will please copy."

* Mr. E. has found but a *solitary* copy, which is now in his possession, and is the last of nine copies only that ever came to this depository.

The Era is disposed to be somewhat indignant at this assumption of the censorship of the press on the part of the slaveholders, and condemns the Sunday School Union as cowardly and treacherous for thus submitting to their commands. But its indignation is very mealy-mouthed; and with good reason. There is such a thing as indirect as well as direct submission to the dictation of the spirit of Slavery, and the Era itself is a proof of it. It does not become it to be denunciatory of a fault which, we hope, it has a working consciousness that it has committed weekly ever since it was established. If our memory serves us, it was not long ago attempting to prove the Anti-Slavery character of the Washington people, by a reference to a petition of theirs, on the subject of Slavery, presented to Congress some twenty odd years ago, while it had nothing to say of that petition, which gave Mr. Clay a text for his famous speech on Slavery, in the Senate in '39. We do not see that the Sunday School Union are much more to blame for their efforts to please the slaveholders of South Carolina, than the Era is for suppressing the truth to please those of Washington. We are nevertheless, glad, that that paper has the courage to blame anybody for their pro-slavery sins.

We doubt, however, if the Sunday School Union will feel itself much aggrieved by the strictures of the Washington editor. He lets it off very easily. "We do not ask," he says, "that the American Sunday School Union, or any other Society,—instituted for a specific benevolent purpose, should become a propagandist of Anti-Slavery opinions." No, indeed! It is only when the subject comes "*in its way*," that it has anything to do with it, and then only when what it has to say "unpalatable to Slavery," is "in accordance with the general sentiments of mankind." The Union will get along very comfortably with its Anti-Slavery Catechisms, with this permission to boil the peas of penance. It will not be slow to take the hint, that it is simply a benevolent institution, and has nothing to do with any unpopular application of the principles of Christianity; or that when it comes in *its way* to make such an application, it is to be done in *the abstract*, which is, as we take it, in accordance with the general sentiments of mankind on the Slavery question.

To Correspondents.

V. N. We have credited W. N. according to the statement made in his letter, but the money for the first year has never been received.

L. H. Does he mean to state in his letter what *has* occurred, or what *might occur?* We supposed his wife and child were with him, and were not aware that he was ever claimed by the person alluded to. Of course we will publish the letter when we are assured that the statements made are facts, and can be substantiated. If they are only suppositions, they should be put in another form.

S. A. M. of M. England, shall hear from us by the next steamer.

A. C. Her donation is thankfully received by the afflicted family.

The Postmaster at Jefferson, Ohio, wants the paper of a subscriber there stopped. But he directs his letter to the *Standard*, sends it to Boston, the place of publication of the *Liberator*, and asks for the stoppage of the *Bugle! What* does he want?

J. R. It was duly received.

I. B. D. His letter is received, with many thanks for his attention to the matter.

UNITARIAN CONVENTION AT SALEM.—We have received from an esteemed correspondent, a most cheering and satisfactory account of the Unitarian Convention at Salem, Mass. last week, which we regret came too late for to-day's paper. It shall appear in the next.

W. L. Garrison.

The report which we mentioned last week, of Mr. Garrison's having left Cleveland, and stopping near Buffalo, in consequence of a relapse, turns out to be a mistake. The Cleveland Herald of the 22d, however, says that he left the day before for home. Of course he is convalescent.

A DESPERATE CASE.—Mr. Quincy, in his character of *pro tem.* editor of the Liberator, makes the following reply to a correspondent, who asks him, "How many years it will be before he shall cease to mention the Transfer of the Emancipator?"

"It," says he, "is one to which we cannot give a categorical answer. We would say, however, by way of approximation, that we are in excellent health, of which we take the best care, with an eye to this very matter; and that we come of very longlived families, eighty being a usual age on our father's side, and very few on our mother's ever thinking it worth their while to die much before a hundred. We think, therefore, we shall not be much out of the way, if we should say in reply to her interrogatory—*Fifty years!*"

The last Liberator contains a long letter from Mr. Quincy to R. D. Webb, of Ireland, which, we take it, is an earnest of the above promise. The letter, however, is not confined to the Transfer. It is a reply to one of Mr. Goodell, which was sent to Ireland for private circulation, and an extract from which is published in the Liberator. The correspondence is a very rich one.

A HAPPY MAN.—A correspondent of the Albany Patriot says:

I am just visionary enough to believe that if that great and good man [Garrison] could be brought into private contact for two days say; with William Goodell, Gerrit Smith, and Wm. L. Chaplin, he could be converted. The achievement would be worthy the trial. He being conquered, Douglass is too good a man not to be ours also. But as for Stephen—it is not quite clear but in him we would "catch a tartar." One thing is sure: whoever gets Stephen gets Abby also, for a "pledge of love" has recently appeared to "seal" them over to a mutual destiny.

A man with so much hope could never be unhappy.—No possible amount of misfortune could ever depress him. What a pretty subject for a picture—Wm. L. Chaplin surrounded by Garrison, Douglass, S. S. and A. K. Foster, and teaching them the way of Anti-Slavery! Lucretia Mott, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, M. W. Chapman, and a few others, should be in the back-ground, awaiting their turn, to come up, and be fed with the words of wisdom.

☞ The Liberty Party Convention at Buffalo, last week, nominated John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, and Lester King, of Ohio, as candidates for President and Vice President.

A HARD HIT.—The "Young America"—"Vote yourself a Farm"—party have addressed to the candidates of the Liberty party certain questions, touching their opinions on land reform. Judge Jay, in his reply, shows up their position with great severity and great clearness. The men constituting this party would make the public lands free, and limit the number of acres to be owned by a single individual. We wish, with all our heart, it may be so; and, as a matter of some importance, think it worth striving for. But, in comparison with the abolition of Negro Slavery, such a reform is the merest trifle. A black man is as good as a white one, and till the right to himself is restored to the former, the latter—if we cannot work for both at the same time—can wait.

The following is the passage in Judge Jay's letter to which we refer:

"You are striving to limit the number of acres to be owned by one individual, but I see no intimation of hostility to the traffic in human flesh. You object to the sale of a homestead to pay the honest debts of the owner, but I find no pledges against the sale of men, women and children, to pay the debts of other people. You demand a pledge of your candidates against traffic in the public lands, but none against traffic in the bodies and souls of millions of your countrymen. You require that the labourer shall in certain cases be prohibited by law to work with his own consent and for a stipulated reward more than ten hours a day; but no effort is proposed in behalf of thousands and tens of thousands of labourers, who are compelled to toil under the lash to the extent of human endurance, without other compensation than that afforded to beasts of burden, the means required by nature, to continue the ability to labour."

☞ THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, which has heretofore been published by a few persons on their own responsibility, has been transferred to the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. We presume that this is an indication that both the society and the paper are firmly established. The Bugle is to remain in charge of the same editors, who have from its beginning, conducted it with so much ability and energy.

☞ The Bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment was lost in the Assembly on Friday last, by a vote of 43 to 53. So close a vote should put heart into the advocates of this reform. They may succeed, if they make effort enough, next time.

☞ The Governor of the State of Connecticut has appointed the 25th day of November as a day of Public Thanksgiving.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—A great parade was held in this city, last week, to lay the corner-stone of a Monument to Washington. It is to be built by subscription.

Notes on New Books.

The Farmer's Library & Monthly Journal of Agriculture for October.

The Library contains a continuation of the Book of the Farm, which treats in this number of sowing Spring grains and grass seeds, the Lambing of ewes, the training of shepherd dogs, and turning dunghills and compost heaps. The Journal is divided chiefly between more of the interesting letters of the Rambler in the Mountains of Virginia, and another letter on Sheep Husbandry at the South.

The Literary Register and Record of Books and Schools.—We have received from the publishers, Merrihew & Thompson, Philadelphia, the fourth and last number of the first volume of this Quarterly. We have never before seen this publication, but, from this number, we judge it to be an impartial critic of new books. As a record of new school books, it is of great value to teachers. It is published quarterly, at a dollar a year. The publisher promises to enlarge it in the ensuing volume.

Hewitt's Journal for October.—This is the best number we have yet seen of Howitt's Journal. As a merely literary periodical, it is of a high character, while it in no degree lowers its tone as a reformatory work. Mrs. Child contributes a paper upon the Northmen, the best thing we have seen from her pen for a long time. Mrs. Howitt's account, from materials supplied her by an American correspondent, of John Bonvard's great picture of the Mississippi, now exhibiting in Boston, is an interesting history of a remarkable work of art. A Tale, by Cotton Mather Mills, and another by "Silver Pen," are the best in the book, and not without a moral. The account of the "White Quakers," referred to by our Dublin correspondent, we shall copy next week. The Red Shoes, by Hans Christian Anderson, poetry by Thomas Miller, and prose and poetry by various other writers, make a most attractive table of contents.—Crosby & Nichols, Boston, agents.

The People's Journal for October.—Miss Martineau continues in this number her invaluable Essays upon Household Education, and her Travels in the Holy Land. The poem of James Russell Lowell, The Landlord, we have already given to our readers, from a weekly number that reached us before the monthly part was sent to this country. A letter from Horace Greeley gives a very impartial account of the present aspect of the Association movement in this country. Other articles, from Lord Nugent, H. P. Linton, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Sinnett, Dr. Beard, and several other able and well-known writers, make up the number. The engravings are, as usual, excellent. Crosby & Nichols, Boston, agents.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Community of "White Quakers," near Dublin.—Their Secession from the Society of Friends.—The Leader, Joshua Jacob.—His preaching.—Attempt to silence him. Quarrel with the "Black Quakers."—Peculiarities of Jacob.—His disownment.—Persecution.—Puts away his Wife.—Platonic friendship with Abigail Beale.—His Imprisonment.—Devotion of his followers.—Their sufferings.—Present condition.—The moral.—N. P. Rogers. His character and genius.—Unaccountable course the last years of his life.—Catholic Priests of the County of Mayo.—Letter from a Priest in Cincinnati commenting on a former letter of our correspondent.—A Colporteur horsewhipped by a Catholic curate.—State of the country.—Young and Old Ireland.—Dark prospect for the coming winter.—Uneasiness of the Government.—E. Quincy's notice of Father Sprague.—Jackson's and May's articles on Drs. Gannet and Dewey.—The Abolitionists of Bristol.—Translation of Douglass's Narrative into French.—Mexican War.

DUBLIN, October 1, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—I have been a good deal interested by a paper in a recent number of Howitt's Journal. It is entitled, "Singular Sects—A Day with the White Quakers," and it gives an account of a number of seceders from the Society of Friends who have settled in community, on a handsome farm of 130 acres, about six miles from Dublin, where they eschew animal food, hats and bonnets, and mahogany. They wear white clothes, and shoes made of leather of the natural colour. They go to rest with the sun, and rise at a very early hour, "to commence their labours of weaving, sewing, spinning, basket making, &c. while one of the members reads aloud from some instructive and amusing work, selected for the purpose. Having breakfasted, they adjourn to the fields. Men, women, and children alike assist in the cultivation of the farm, for it is one of their axioms that every hand is able and ought to supply its owner's mouth with food. The community consists at present of thirty persons, children included; it was at one time still more extensive, but the increasing strictness of their rules has caused the lukewarm and unworthy to fall away." They

sect were, without exception, rigidly strict, and consistent, strait-laced members of the Society of Friends, severe against all departure from the "testimonies," stern upholders of the discipline—very worthy, good people—kind to the poor, and wishing well to all, but chiefly interested for the prosperity and purity of their own little corner of Mount Zion. Among them was the most valued of the Society's ministers, a female Boanerges, who denounced mixed marriages with such awful warnings as must often have made the blood of "young women Friends" curdle within them; and she enforced plainness of dress with terrible energy. There was an elder and an overseer or two among them, and all the rest were steady Friends, pillars in the Society, with the profoundest faith in all stories of Quaker miracles, dreams, portents, revelations and prophecies. They were, in short, the very last of its members from whom the Society could have apprehended an insurrection. But they revolted, nevertheless, and on this wise:

Joshua Jacob, their leader, who was at that time a prosperous tradesman, a Friend in good standing, a regular attender of meetings for worship and discipline, a good neighbour, kind to the poor, and greatly respected—began to "appear in the ministry," or, in plain English, he began to preach. An uninitiated person, like you and me, would not have been able to perceive much difference between his communications and those of the most approved ministers. Suffice it to say, that they were marked by all the peculiarities of the Quaker gallery—equally free from the text-taking, connectedness, and other trammels of pulpit eloquence. But his preaching did not satisfy the elders, the appointed judges among Friends, of the acceptableness and right mission of the candidate for the ministry. Joshua was advised to withhold his communications; he was counselled and laboured with—and a degree of patience was exhibited towards him, such as I verily believe would not have been extended to a refractory priest in any other community in Christendom. He kept on, never heeding, and preached all the more, the more he was advised to be silent. At length, the elders brought the matter before the Monthly Meeting. But the Monthly Meeting had no terrors for Joshua; he refused to withdraw, when his case was under consideration; and when they sent messengers to him, he denied their jurisdiction. At length he was formally disowned. But as he held stoutly to the doctrine of the inward light, and did not look on himself as a "man-made minister," or as amenable to man's judgment for the exercise of his gift, he preached without intermission; and when the Friends, wearied with his obstinacy, kept him out of the meeting-house, he preached in the passage. He had a fine ringing voice, and a tremendous sing-song, which I would have thought very holy when I was a little boy.

The disapproval of his course was pretty general in the Society, but there were important exceptions amongst the more rigid professors, in many of the Monthly Meetings. They looked on him, as he looked on himself—that is to say, they had a very high opinion of him; they espoused his cause, talked of "a persecuted recusant," prophecied an evil day to the Society, preached like him, were equally refractory, and were in like manner disowned, were kept out of the meeting like him, and held forth in the passages as he did. Joshua then assumed a white dress, of undyed cloth, wore untanned leather in his shoes, banished all his mahogany furniture, using deal instead, pulled down his bells, abstained from clocks and watches, brought forth his looking-glasses and broke them in pieces in the open street for a testimony to the people, cramped his business as much as possible, and at last and at length he put away his wife. This last extremity he resorted to because she seemed unable to keep up with him, in the rapid progress of his reforms. He also denounced, with unsparing fidelity, all his followers who faltered by the way, who clung to dark clothes, or mahogany, or their husbands or wives when these displeased him. I should say, to give him his due, that he allowed his own particular rib to return to the community as an humble companion, on her earnest entreaty. She is the mother of his six children, who are all living with him.

Meanwhile, all the "White Quakers" bitterly abhorred and denounced the "Black Quakers," and refused to hold any intercourse with them on any terms—looking on them as apostates and enemies of all good. No ties of kindred or friendship shielded any from this condemnation; mothers left their grown-up children and grandchildren, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands and children, denouncing and inveighing all sorts of bitter things against all their old acquaintances who were unprepared "to go the whole hog" with them. There were many rich people—particularly rich women—among them. They threw their property into a common fund, and made Joshua Jacob their chancellor of the exchequer, as well as the keeper of their consciences. A sister-in-law of Joshua's, being left a widow with five children, and £9,000, threw the whole of the money into their treasury at his instigation; and when he was summoned before the Court of Chancery to explain this appropriation of the property of orphans, who, as such, are its wards, he refused to appear, and was sent to prison for contempt of court. There he lay for many years, attended by his faithful friend and fellow-labourer, Abigail Beale, with whom he openly contracted a Platonic union. It was during his incarceration that he adopted the patriarchal habit of wearing his beard—and now he has a fine long one, and so have all his masculine followers. Previous to this imprisonment, the little community were indefatigable in the distribution of tracts and papers in explanation of their views, relating their sufferings and persecutions, and denouncing all their foes; in fact, "dealing damnation round the land," and terribly hot and heavy against the unhappy "Black Quakers," sparing neither age nor sex, ignorance nor innocence. I think I have come in for a slap-direct now and then, though I kept out of the fray completely, being a peaceable body, and never given to beat "the drum ecclesiastic," nor any other drum since I was quite a little fellow. Joshua and his followers have been haled out of steeple-houses, mobbed in the streets, brought up before magistrates, mocked at by silly people in the streets, and by the more respectable (behind his back) in drawing rooms. In short, they suffered a very sufficient share of petty martyrdom, and they rejoiced accordingly. During the imprisonment of their leader, they subsided a good deal, became a very quiet set of bodies, and are now hardly ever spoken of even in "the Society," which they once convulsed to such an extent that they formed the staple subject of the gossip at Quarterly Meetings, and on all occasions when it is customary or proper for people to gossip at all.

Now this is a very long yarn, but I do n't know how to explain to you in fewer words the contrast between these people in their former fanatical, and their present more reasonable estate. It is like a calm after a storm—or a company of howling dervishes transformed into a quiet little settlement of learned, philosophic Benedictines. The change is so great, that many who knew them when they went forth from Babylon will not readily believe the description of them as they now appear in "this piping time of peace." History is doubtless full of the most opposite and yet true accounts of people; and there is a useful moral in the story of the two knights who had mortally wounded each other in a dispute about the colour of a shield which was fastened to a pillar where two ways met—one of them insisting that it was black, the other that it was white; a third party came up, when the mischief was done, learned the cause of the quarrel, and comforted the dying combatants by the assurance that if they had looked at both sides of the shield, before they took to fisticuffs, their lives need not have terminated so foolishly. I have a notion that many we look upon as wholly wrong are at least half right; and that some who think us the worst in the world, only need a little light to see what excellent good fellows we are.

I have been looking over the "Lynn Pioneer and Herald of Freedom," lately. A friend lent me a file. It contains many notices of N. P. Rogers and of his latter days, which were extremely interesting to me. I enjoyed his correspondence and friendship, at one time, and highly I valued it. He was gifted with wonderful wit and genius, and quick perceptions. I have seen him compared to Charles Lamb, but he was a far greater man, with as much originality, stronger sympathy for his race, and quicker moral perceptions. As to his course in the last two years, I can't comprehend it. I suppose he really believed that, to say that the Herald belonged to its owners, and not to John R. French, was equivalent to a warfare against "the little sheet," and that all who differed from him were besotted by love of organization, and hostility to "free meeting." He acted as if he were in earnest in thinking so; and the cause must have been a great one, in his eyes, which induced him to throw overboard so many of his old friends, (and such friends!) and to treat them with such hearty hostility. I have two volumes of the Herald of Freedom that he sent me, and another volume that I collected myself. I value them highly, both for his sake and their own. I have also quite a number of his letters to myself, full of those electric flashes of wit, and that whole-hearted confidence and cordiality, that are so delightful in such effusions. I hate the thoughts of that quarrel, though I have not in the least changed my mind as to its merits. But I wish that the last two years of his life had not been dashed as they were by the bitterness which estranged him from many of his fellow-labourers in the Anti-Slavery field. No man should give up his principles to keep his friend; but it is an extremely unpleasant alternative to be put to. I loved N. P. Rogers, and I found it very hard to be obliged to differ from him. He was full of life. He was no man's copy. A new article from his pen had all the impress of genius, illustrated with a play of fancy, sparkling, brilliant, and delightful as the coruscations of the Aurora, on a night in November, when its flames are mingled with the shooting of a thousand meteors. I find that a volume of Selections from his Writings has been announced for publication. I must endeavour to get some copies, for many of his friends here would like to have some such memento of one they admired so much. It was most natural that a man so gifted as Rogers should have many among his friends who would follow him through thick and thin, who would adopt his views and espouse his quarrels. In every cause, there are many who are led more by their feelings than their opinions.

From the glance I took at the "Pioneer," I am confident many of its readers and contributors are real enemies to Slavery, and zealous for the promotion of every good cause. I heartily wish them well—though I cannot perceive that the crusade against all organizations *as such*, and in favour of unregulated free meetings, has effected great good or made much progress.

You may remember that in the account of my visit to the distressed districts in the county of Mayo, I mentioned some Roman Catholic priests in no very laudatory terms. A gentleman called on me lately with a letter in his hand, which had just been received from one of the priests of the Catholic Cathedral of Cincinnati. The writer stated that my report had operated very injuriously to the poor Irish, and to the cause of religion,—meaning, of course, the Roman Catholic religion. How it should affect the poor Irish, who were the sufferers (if what I heard was true), I can't imagine. As to the Roman Catholic religion, I think I am deserving of thanks from its friends for exposing its worst enemies—the wolves in sheep's clothing who despoil the flock. The Bishops are certainly not blameless who hesitate to bring to condign exposure, and condemnation, such scandalous cases as came to my knowledge in that miserable country. They were so publicly talked of that I heard of them without inquiry on my part. I could not help hearing of them; and I think I would have been both cowardly and criminal, if I had said nothing about them. But the district I visited was but a small corner of a country which abounds in priests. If any who quoted my letter did so with a view to involve all in a condemnation which, as far as I know and have heard, applies but to a few, I am not to blame for their malevolence. It is true that such a rancorous political and sectarian party spirit prevails in Ireland, that it is extremely difficult to come at the truth. But, in the circumstances I mentioned, my informants were of the same way of thinking with the guilty parties; and it was this that impressed me with the truth of their accusations. The case I mentioned was extremely flagrant, a case of gross cruelty, or the people themselves would not have dared to mention it. The accusation was wrung from them by their sufferings. In a general way, it is extremely difficult—such is the veneration in which the clergy are held—to establish an accusation against a priest, even in a court of justice. Indeed, in all party matters, the trial by jury is a mockery in Ireland. I have known an Orangeman escape, when on his trial for murder, because he had an Orange jury, who refused to convict him. It was only yesterday morning I read in Saunders' News-Letter, a Dublin daily paper, the report of a trial of a Roman Catholic curate for an assault. This gentleman, while out riding, met a man on the road who was carrying some Bibles and tracts for sale and distribution. He asked the man to show him some, which he threw about the road. He then, on being remonstrated with, called a man to hold his horse, and proceeded to horsewhip the Dealer in Bibles across the face and breast; and when the man ran away, he followed him, and struck him repeatedly with the butt-end of his whip. The person who held the priest's horse during this affair, was indignant when the victim attempted to defend himself, and was not forthcoming on the trial to give evidence. I never met with a plainer case, and yet the mixed jury of Catholics and Protestants could not agree to a verdict, and the matter had to be dismissed for the present.

As to the country generally, as far as can be known from the newspapers, the prospect of tranquillity and steady improvement, is very poor indeed. Between Old Irelanders, and Young Irelanders, and Anti-Renters, all seem bent on making the confusion worse confounded. The Young Irelanders inculcate as the highest duty, hatred to England, and a careful treasuring up of the wrongs of our grandfathers, to the remotest generation.—They are all

"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."

Whenever they attempt to speak in public, the Old Irelanders, or their myrmidons, mob them with open violence, or the din and clangour of amateur bands. What they last recommend as the best remedy for the evils of Ireland, I don't precisely know, but I am pretty confident that when they repeal the Union, the Romish hierarchy will form an important portion of the body politic. With this view of the matter, I am by no means eager to speed the day. When a man, or a body of men are so very bold as to undertake the cure of souls, I think it becomes them to give so vast an undertaking their undivided attention. It is certain that when they have added the Government of nations to their other cares, they have generally made a botched business of it.

In the West and South the state of the people is extremely wretched. Well informed persons have assured me that it is likely to be, at least, as bad as last winter.—Then, they had some little store of their own to fall back upon—some stock and some savings. Now, they have nothing. It is probable that all their crops would not suffice for a month's maintenance. And they cannot look forward with any reasonable expectation to the same extent of sympathy and relief which was bestowed with such liberality last year. People get tired of giving, and the distress of the West is coming to be looked on as a matter of course. I was this day informed, on good authority, that the Government are extremely uneasy at the prospect of the coming winter. The draughts on the Imperial treasury last year were so enormous, that a repetition of them is hardly to be looked for. There can be no doubt that Irish distress, and the consequent ruinous speculations in breadstuffs to relieve the starvation has led to much of the monetary difficulty which prevails in England, and which enormously increases the difficulties of those at the helm of affairs. Lord John Russell is not to be envied in his high position.

It is said that, considering the misery and oppression which has been inflicted upon Ireland, under the rule of England in former times, it is not reasonable to look for any hearty expression of gratitude for the benefits which our poor country people have received in such abundance from Great Britain. This is, perhaps, the case, but yet we might expect that those who have exerted themselves, as the present Government have done, with great energy, liberality, and effect, to assuage the sufferings of Ireland, would escape the charge of being the worst enemies, and the ruthless, cruel, heartless, destroyers of the Irish people. All private contributions, from whatever sources, form a small fraction, in proportion to the relief granted from the British treasury for this purpose. It is the act of a maniac to take a man's bounty and then turn upon him with threats and revilings. Such is the conduct of many of our eminent patriots, political pilots, and mob orators. It may be all quite right, but, with my imperfect notions, I am not able to appreciate its propriety. Are you?

The Cambria has brought us a batch of fresh Liberators, full of good things. Edmund Quincy's notice of Old Seth Sprague is excellent, eloquent, and elegant. I would have walked a long way to see Seth Sprague. He was my beau-ideal of a fine, old, true principled American. Before the Abolitionists undeceived us by revealing the dark secrets of the prison house, and the rottenness of your public opinion, on the subject of Slavery, we gave all Americans credit for being such lights of the world as he was. It was the fashion to look up to the United States as "the glory of the world and the envy of surrounding nations." People change their opinions "pretty quick" when they learn, as they are fast doing, that the greatest possible robbery and the greatest possible wrong is the corner-stone of the great Republican edifice.—Samuel May, jr. in his letter to George Armstrong, of Bristol, and Edmund Jackson, in the Boston Courier, have told such a plain story about Dr. Parkman, and Dr. Dewey, that these Reverend gentlemen cut a pretty figure. Armed with the facts and arguments supplied by these two articles, even an infant Abolitionist might wrap himself in mail of proof sufficient to defend him against the fiery darts of the wicked. Verily, these young men are "kittle cattle" for even the hard heads of Doctors of Divinity to come into collision with. Like my valued friend James N. Buffum, they bristle with "facts"—perfect Anti-Slavery porcupines.

The Unitarians of Bristol are doing their duty as Anti-Slavery men, and by their faithful and temperate remonstrances with their brethren in the United States, they elicit an expression of opinion that cannot fail to benefit the cause. By a recent letter from Mr. Estlin, of that city, whose name is well and deservedly respected by you, I learn that a young lady, a friend of his, has translated Frederick Douglass's narrative into French, and that it is about to be published in Paris for the enlightenment of the French people, and the pecuniary benefit of Douglass.

By the last steamer, I had a pleasant letter from Henry C. Wright, informing me of his arrival at home in good health and spirits. He has left many attached friends behind him in the three Kingdoms, who will always rejoice in his prosperity. I this day saw an announcement of the publication of the twentieth thousand of "A Kiss for a Blow." An edition of twenty thousand is the fate of few authors. Let Henry congratulate himself accordingly.

What is to be said of the march to Mexico and the battle outside the city? The world has never seen a more sorrowful sight in its moral aspect. There is not even vulgar glory in this shameful and cruel butchery. Were ever a people worse blinded and bamboozled to their own disgrace, than the people of the Northern States in this matter? Who could have thought the disciples of Poor Richard could have been so readily swindled of one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, for such "small profits," and such quick and sure return of national disgrace. The United States in any national sense, are no longer a Republic, they are an oligarchy of the worst kind under the form of a Commonwealth. I can't comprehend how a people "so free and enlightened" can be so shamefully deceived by their political guides. I feel very confident that the people of Great Britain, subject as they are, could not now be hoodwinked to the same extent. They have paid for their wisdom, and I think they have it. Strange that it is so seldom to be had by the experience, and at the expense of others. We must all pay the price. Yours, truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

James and Lucretia Mott.—We last week alluded to the journey of these friends, and their labours for practical reform through the West. We have since had the pleasure of greeting them again in their home, to which they returned on Second day last—after an absence of about ten weeks, and a long journey full of labour and fruitful experience. Some estimate may be formed of the constancy of their engagements and their unceasing activity in their labours for reform, from the statement that during their absence of sixty-nine days they travelled over 2800 miles through New England, New York, Ohio, Indiana, and this State, and attended seventy-one meetings of various kinds. It is not surprising that they came back somewhat worn with the fatigues of the tour, and while it is painful to state that Mrs. Mott's health is still feeble, we trust that the rest and quiet of home will ere long restore her again to her usual vigour. The reports they give of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, and the growing interest of the common people in the movement, in almost every section they have visited, are cheering, and kindle our hope of the coming of Freedom's triumph in all our land. Especially encouraging are their tales of their experience and observation in the West, which is awakening to this subject like a giant from his slumbers, shaking off the dullness of the past, and with a fresh zeal and vigour entering into this great cause of humanity.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

A Bold Apologist of Slavery.—A Mr. Flanders, of Franklin, has the honour of being the first man in the Legislature of this State, who has dared to openly advocate the extension of Slavery upon soil which may be hereafter acquired. Mr. F. was one of the majority of the Syracuse Convention, who smothered the resolution in favour of the Proviso. His speech in the House proves what has been elsewhere denied, that the action of the Convention was the result of settled hostility to that principle, and not merely the result of a desire to keep out of that body an irrelevant question. The issue is made distinctly. An endorsement of the nominees of that Convention will be an endorsement of Slavery in its most imperious and odious form.—*Albany Journal.*

An Abolition Plot.—Some eight days since, a female slave belonging to Mr. Taylor, a citizen of this place, absconded. Yesterday Mr. T. was informed that a black boy had stated that he had the missing girl secreted in his master's cellar; that a white man was to arrive last evening on the Gov. Briggs, from Alton; that a signal light was to be kept burning opposite the city on the Illinois shore, and that the informant, girl, and Alton Abolitionist were to cross the river and be conveyed away.

The object of the boy's visit to informant's house was in case the plan failed last night, to get permission to secrete the girl there until to night, when they could probably operate with better success.

The police were stationed at three or four different points; one body near the house of the master of the boy, and another near informant's house, in which the boy wished to secrete the girl, if they could not succeed in crossing the river. Up to this time no one but the boy knew where the girl was.

The officers near the master's house were to follow the boy when he should come out, and go for the girl. He, however, succeeded in leaving the house without being seen, but shortly after the girl came out and was arrested. She had lived for six or eight days in the cellar of a house in the heart of the city, without its being known to the family, or any one else save the boy.

After the boy left his master's house he went to informant ——————, and requested a pass for himself and girl, which was refused: he made several subsequent visits and held conversations with informant, which were all heard by the police, who were within a few feet of the parties, though they were ignorant of the fact.

The boy was arrested, and both he and the girl were placed in the calaboose. The Abolitionist came down yesterday as was arranged. The signal light on the opposite shore was seen burning from 8 until 12 o'clock last night, and a number of negroes were seen near the river but their leader was absent; their plan had failed and nothing was effected. The boy and girl are to be sold and sent from the State immediately.—*St. Louis Union.*

The Boston Transcript says that some years since, Hon. Thos H. Perkins visited the house once occupied by Shakspeare, and observing the desolate appearance of the room, gave orders to a respectable stationer in the town, to furnish it with a suitable desk, book, ink and pens, and keep it supplied with these articles for the future, drawing upon Mr. P.'s banker in London, annually for the expense. It appears that at the late sale of the old house, five books of autographs, from 1821 to 1846, were sold by the auctioneer to Mr. Butler for the sum of £73 10s. John Bull little suspected at the sale that he was indebted to Brother Jonathan for this valuable autographic collection.

Clerical Jokes.—A few years since when Rev. Dr. Hawks, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestrymen of a small church in Westchester County, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously received the Committee, but respectfully declined the proposal, urging as a chief objection that the salary, though liberal for the parish which they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the Committee replied, "the Lord will take care of them; he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and to provide for them." "Very true," said the reverend gentleman, "but he has not promised to provide for the young Hawks."—*New World.*

A writer in the *Liberator* cautions the public against a pretended fugitive from Slavery, named George Thompson, alias, Alex. Giles, said to be an impostor.

The Liberty Press, speaking of Thompson, says:

"He is unquestionably a fugitive from the horrible Bastile, but the idea of getting his living without work has taken as fast hold of him as it ever did upon his old master. He should everywhere be discountenanced."

The editor of the New York Sun is for taking a line to include the whole of Mexico. "Take a line!" "take a line!" is his daily exclamation. We shouldn't be surprised if a good strong "line" were to take *him* one of these days.—*Prentice.*

Abduction of Slaves.—A man named James L. Andrews, who professes to be from Ohio, was examined at Barryville, Virginia, on Monday last, for enticing away slaves from their owners. The evidence against him was of pretty positive character, and he was remanded to jail to await his trial in March next.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from October 18th, to 25th, 1847.

433	W. B. Green,	South Brookfield, Mass.	$1 00
433	George Lincoln,	New London, Ct.	1 00
382	John Searing,	Poplar Ridge, N. Y.	1 00
436	Eliza Oakman,	Troy, N Y	1 00
436	Jane Finerty,	"	1 00
436	Jane Groves,	"	1 00
436	Birenia Foster,	"	1 00
384	N. R. Lyon,	Five Corners, N Y	25
417	Wm. Newlin,	Harveysburg, Ohio,	1 00
416	Nathaniel Barney,	Nantucket, Mass	1 00
416	Samuel Barney,	Weedsport, N Y	1 00
424	S. B. Clampit,	Cleveland, Ohio,	3 00
436	Wm. Vandyke,	Sing Sing, N Y	1 00
434	Joseph Ricketson,	New Bedford, Mass.	1 00
			15 25

Total, $15 25

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted*; but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have paid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which each subscriber has paid precedes his name.

Married,

On 5th day, the 14th instant, EDWARD LAING to FANNY, daughter of Samuel Swain, all of Bristol, Bucks county.

By Friends' ceremony, in Philadelphia, on the evening of October 13th, THOMAS T. CHILD, of Philadelphia, to ANNA MARTIN, of Bucks county.

At Nantucket, GEORGE R. TABER, of New Bedford, to ELIZABETH G. daughter of Isaac Austin, of Nantucket.

In Buffalo, on the 11th instant, at the Unitarian Church, by Rev. Mr. Hosmer, LEWIS PENFIELD DAYTON, M. O. of Black Rock, to Miss GRACE WEBSTER HOLLEY, daughter of the late Hon. Myron Holley.

In Lenox, 14th instant, by Rev. Mr. Neill, JOHN ADAM WALKER, Esq. to Miss MARGARET ELLIOT MAGEE, of Boston.

In Hingham, (Mass.) on Wednesday, the 20th instant, by Rev. William H. Channing, of Boston, FREDERIC S. CABOT, of Boston, to MARY H. LINCOLN, daughter of Captain Barnabas Lincoln, of Hingham.

In Salisbury, Hon. AMOS TUCK, of Exeter, member elect from Congressional District No. 1, to Mrs. CATHERINE P. SHEPHERD, of Exter, formerly of Salisbury.

Died,

In this city, on the 16th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Moncrief Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston, aged 62 years.

In Albany, of scarlet fever, AMELIA, infant daughter of John T. Gough, aged 12 months.

In Boston, October 15, after a long and painful illness, JOHN BYRANT, Jr. in the 37th year of his age.

In Boston, October 14, Mrs. HARRIET T. wife of John Odin, Esq. aged 71.

On the 7th of July, at Canton, Rev. SAMUEL CORNELIUS CLOPTON, missionary from the Foreign Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, U. S. A. after an illness of fever of about ten days, aged 31.

At East Greenwich, (R. I.) on the 21st instant, Mrs. MARY BROWN, wife of John Brown.

Her approach to the spiritual world was very gradual, and attended with severe and continued bodily pain; but the manifestation of her habitual cheerfulness, and affectionate interest for those whom she left, ceased only with her connection with her natural body. The shock to the natural feelings of the immediate members of the family will be fully appreciated by the many friends who have been cheered by her loving spirit. May they ever remember that a Christian's death is but a passage to life. [*Communicated.*

In Boston, on the 24th instant, Mr. JAMES WENTWORTH, of the firm of Dutton & Wentworth, printers.

On the 31st August, on board the brig Hector, at Cienfuegos, CHARLES INGLIS HALIBURTON, Barrister at Law, youngest son of the Hon. Brenton Halliburton, Chief Justice of Nova Scootia.

NOTICES.

FOURTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar have the pleasure of informing their coadjutors in all parts of the country that Faneuil Hall will be open for their reception on Tuesday, the 21st of December.

The Committee earnestly urge upon their co-laborers the necessity of strenuous exertion to make the occasion as profitable as possible to the cause. Ten Thousand Dollars is the smallest sum required by the exigences of the cause, to sustain its agencies, depositories, periodicals, &c. extended as they now are over the free States. A few calculations will show that the sources are ample and abundant from which this aid may be drawn. For example, there are ten towns in Massachusetts alone in which there are ten families, each of which might easily send in $1000 worth of goods. Here at once is the required $10,000 of goods. There are ten other towns in which there are twenty persons who might each easily send in $500 worth, equal to $10,000 more. The effort required to prepare and collect this amount is the very one that at the same time creates a market. Unlike the processes of ordinary trade, it is in all these philanthropic struggles against the popular tide, the supply that creates the demand. To sell $1000 worth of goods, we must raise at least double that amount, and so in like proportion. It must not, therefore, be supposed possible, that we can have too large a supply, because we have goods left when the Bazaar closes. All that remains in the hands of the committee is always carefully appraised, packed and stored, to aid in other Fairs, by means of which the anti-slavery feeling is kindled or kept alive in all parts of the country. Last year, the goods remaining were made serviceable to the cause through Fairs in Weymouth, Plymouth, New Bedford, Mass.; Rochester, West Winfield, Waterloo, N. York; Philadelphia, Pa.; Salem, Ohio.

From some of these places, hundreds of dollars were returned to the State Treasury, and in all great local good was effected. Many similar applications were unwillingly refused, for want of suitable goods. Again then let it be remembered the supply cannot be too great.

It should not be forgotten by New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and all other Sates to which anti-slavery aid has flowed from the American A. S. Society, that they also are bound to co-operate with the Bazaar as a national enterprise.

The committee are often asked what sort of goods are saleable and acceptable. The reply might be, no description of goods will come amiss. No object of taste—no work of art—no specimen of ingenuity—no product of agriculture—no article of dress—no kind of provision, but may become promotive of the cause. It would be most desirable to be able to point to beautiful specimens of excellent workmanship of every kind—the gifts of American skill and industry, that the reputation of our own country may be enhanced by this occasion in an artistical and mechanical as well as in a moral point of view. The shortness of the time and the nature of the occasion forbid the reception of articles on commission, but the committee trust that the cause will appeal to the hearts of Bostonians to secure donations of furniture, musical instruments, new inventions and mechanical improvements such as they have not heretofore been favoured with.

Of course the agents of the American A. S. Society and the Mass. A. S. Society are doing all in their power to open a channel of communication with the Bazaar in every place they visit; and the committee refer to the resolutions of the Boston Female A. S. Society in another column, as containing a valuable suggestion which, if vigorously acted upon, might become of vast importance to the cause.

It cannot be expected of our British friends, that they should aid us so much as they did before pressure of Irish and Scotch distress was so seriously felt. ☞ We must work the harder at home to supply that probable deficiency, and thereby show ourselves worthy to have been so generously helped thus far. ☜

N. B. Beautiful goods from Paris, selected for the Bazaar, have already arrived.

☞ *Donations* of money or pieces of goods are solicited, for the general purposes of the Bazaar.

THE LIBERTY BELL will be published as usual. Its list of writers is a brilliant and distinguished one—more so now than ever. The Frontispiece will be an engraving of FRANCIS JACKSON. Donations in aid of the publication to be sent to M. W. CHAPMAN, 6 Chauncy place. All the friends of whom the Editor has the promise of Literary contributions are entreated to forward them NOW, *as the press is waiting*, and the time insufficient.—M. W. C.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the B. F. A. S. Society, which was held at No. 21 Cornhill, the afternoon of Oct. 13th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the friends of the cause throughout the country are hereby requested to ask of all such ministers as have signed Anti-Slavery protests, preached Anti-Slavery sermons, or in any way indicated an interest in our cause, the presentation of the Address of the Committee of the 14th A. S. Bazaar to their respective congregations for the purpose of obtaining in each church a special effort during the coming two months, in aid of the Bazaar.

Resolved, That the Rev. Theodore Parker, the Rev. William H. Channing, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, the Rev. Edward Beecher (and any and all such other clergymen of Boston, to whom we may consistently tender such a mark of our high respect) be hereby earnestly requested, for the sake of the cause of freedom and humanity, to present the address of the Committee to their respective Congregations, and to advocate, and aid in organizing, their co-operation with the Bazaar. The following are the list of officers:

President—Thankful Southwick.
Vice President—Helen E. Garrison.
Domestic Corresponding Secretary—Henrietta Sargent.
Foreign Corresponding Secretary—Maria W. Chapman.
Recording Secretary—Abby Southwick.
Treasurer—Harriet M. Jackson.
Counsellors—Eliza F. Meriam, Mary G. Chapman, Hannah Tufts, Mary J. Trask, Mary Willey, Anne W. Weston.

ANNUAL FAIR

Of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society.

Our usual announcement of the time of holding this Fair, seems scarcely necessary, now that the friends of Freedom in Pennsylvania are so familiar with it, and so well-informed respecting the necessary preparations for it. We do not remind them that the advancing season warns us all to lose no time which may be devoted to this highly important department of our labour. The brilliant success of our last Fair should stimulate us to new efforts in preparing for the next, and, for the slave's sake, we should not permit this to be inferior to those which have preceded it. The state of our enterprise at this eventful period demands that we relax not our efforts, and among the measures which we have adopted for filling the Anti-Slavery treasury, few, if any, have proved more efficient than this. We trust that no word is necessary to rouse our true fellow-labourers to zealous and *immediate* action. To those who have not heretofore shared these labours with us, whose hearts are now beginning to beat in sympathy with the oppressed, we affectionately say, Come, go with us, and we will do you good!

Sarah Pugh,	Margaretta Forten,
Mary T. Stickney,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Anna M. Hopper,	Mary Grew,
Emma Parker,	Mary Shaw,
A. Matilda Cassey,	Sarah M. Douglass,
Janette Jackson,	Lydia Gillingham,
Maria M. Davis,	Esther Burr,
Margaret Griscom,	Eliza J. Bias,
Martha Carman,	Clementine Green,
Harriet D. Purvis,	Esther Reckless,
Hannah L. Stickney,	Esther Hogeland,
Emily Winslow,	Elizabeth Carman,
Theresa K. Hallowell,	Huldah Justice,
Paulina S. Wright,	Margaret Jones,
Sarah A. McKim,	Sarah L. Child.

MASS CONVENTIONS,

To be attended by

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, C. L. REMOND, AND J. C. HATHAWAY.

Utica, Thursday evening, October 21.
Syracuse, Friday evening October 22.

ONONDAGO COUNTY.

South Marcellus, Sunday, monday, 24 and 25 at 10 A. M.
Syracuse, Tuesday evening 26.

OSWEGO COUNTY.

Fulton, Thursday, and Friday 28 29 at 10 A. M.

CAYUGA COUNTY.

Cato 4 Corners, Sunday, and Monday, 31 & November 1.
Port Byron, Tuesday evening, November 2 Wednesday November 3.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Rose Valley, Thursday evening, November 4 Friday, 5.
West Walworth, Sunday, Monday, 7 and 8.

ONTARIO COUNTY.

Victor, Wednesday and Thursday, 10 and 11.

YATES COUNTY.

Penn Yan, Tuesday evening, November 16 and Wednesday, 17.

SENECA COUNTY.

Ovid, Friday and Saturday, 19, 20.

CAYUGA COUNTY.

Ledyard, Sunday evening 21, & Monday, 22.

TOMPKINS COUNTY.

Ludlowville, Tuesday evening, 23.
Reynoldsville, Thursday & Friday 25, & 26, at 10 A. M.

STEUBEN COUNTY.

Bath, Sunday & Monday 28, & 29.
Hornellsville, Wednesday December 1.

ALLEGANY COUNTY.

Friendship, Friday 3.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY.

Franklinville Sunday & Monday, 5 & 6.

CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.

Ellington, Wednesday, 8.
Busti, Friday Saturday & Sunday 18, 11, &. 12.

It is Confidently expected that the friends of the slave in each of the above mentioned places will spare no pains in making early arrangements for the meetings by procuring large houses, a good supply of fuel and above all, provisions for having the houses well lighted for the evening meetings.

Let every person within reasonable distance be notified of the meetings and if they fail to attend it will be their irreparable loss.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent for the State of New-York
FARMINGTON, 10th mo. 1847.

LIVINGSTON AND ALLEGHANY COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Island, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N. Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

Alfred Post office,	"	12 and 13
Friendship,	"	14 and 15
Hume,	"	16 and 17
Wetherfield Springs,	Wyoming county, Oct.	18 and 19
Hermitage,	"	20 and 21
Gainesville,	"	22 and 23
Castile,	"	24 and 25
Perry Centre,	"	26 and 27
Warsaw,	"	28 and 29
Attica Centre,	"	30 and 31
West Middlebury,	"	November 1 and 2
Wyoming,	"	3 and 4
Covington Centre,	"	5 and 6

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

NTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings at the following towns and villages, in Saratoga, Fulton, Herkimer and Oneida counties, as follow:

Lee, Monday, October 18th, Evening.

SARATOGA COUNTY.

Quaker Springs, Wednesday, Oct. 20th, evening.
do. Thursday, 21st, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Galway, Friday, 22d, at 6, P. M.

FULTON COUNTY.

Fondas Bush, Saturday and Sunday, 23 & 24, at 2 & 6 p m.
Mayfield, Monday, 25th, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Gloversville, Tuesday, 26th, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Nicholsville, Wednesday, 27th, at 6 P. M.
do. Thursday, 28th, at 2 and 6, P. M.

HERKIMER COUNTY.

Salisbury, Friday and Saturday, 29 & 30, at 2 & 6, P. M.
Fairfield, Sunday, 31st, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Newport, Monday & Tues. Nov. 1 & 2, at 2 & 6, P. M.
Norway, Wednesday & Thursday, 3 and 4, "
Poland, Friday and Saturday, 5 and 6, at 2 and 6, P. M.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

Trenton, Sunday and Monday, 7 and 8, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Holland Patent, Tuesday and Wednes. 9 & 10, "

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY.
General Agent of American Society for New-York

Advertisements.

NEW MUSI

Poetry.

PRAYER.

BY DR. BOWRING, M. P.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends,—O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring, on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away,—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing;
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering,—Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,—
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever—
My bosom?—Never.

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

LONG AGO.

FROM H. H. BROWNELL'S POEMS.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone—
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how slow the minutes linger—
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of Life to Dust returning—
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn, mournful sound—
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Gentle sighs and whispers dear—
Songs forgotten many a year—
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer, than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide,
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

Miscellany.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUSADE OF THE CHILDREN.

Some years ago, while the pastoral charge of the little Saxon village of Grönstetten, from some neglect in the proper authorities, remained vacant that neighbourhood was visited by a strange religious epidemic. It had formerly, indeed, been one of the most cheerful places; standing together, house by house, in the midst of a large, well-cultivated plain, on which the fields, scarcely marked out from one another save by neighbourly tokens, stretched with their green level to the side of the woods, only varied by the different colours of the several crops. The little old church, surrounded by a few spreading trees, stood at the end of the village on some higher ground, raising its gilded steeple into the blue air, so that it always seemed to be touched by an evening sun. Neither wall nor fence was to be seen, and the surrounding level looked like the single farm of a brotherhood; the peasants, noticing of a fine Sunday afternoon how the season had advanced their wheat or flax, appeared to a stranger almost as much interested in one patch as in another. Various games and exercises went on amongst the young men and boys after work and school hours, on the piece of common near the churchyard, while the young maidens and the old people with their children stood by. Nowhere, were holydays, occasions of marriage, and old festival traditions more fondly kept; in every house at Christmas, while the snow was on the ground and on the bare woods, the window shone so brightly against the icicles hanging from the roof, as the Christmas-tree, with its prettily-adorned branches, was lighted up; and the whole united family surprised each other with carefully prepared gifts. Then at Easter time, when spring was bursting out of trees and earth, and the birds beginning to sing again, you might have seen with what joy the children rolled their coloured paschal eggs along the grass, parents entering into their feeling with smiles. It was a serious business for them to dress and water the graves under the church wall, wreathing the small head-stones with garlands of fresh wild-flowers, gathered about the ruins of the old castle, which rose on a neighbouring height. Nor did many evenings ever pass that there was not some meeting of the young people in one of the village houses, where the girls brought their spindles, or pieces of cloth to make a bed-cover for the dame; while the youths stood by to seize the opportunity for sundry advances of rustic courtship. All this gaiety was by no means inconsistent with the industry in which this resembled other villages of the district; and as little did it result from any want of earnestness and serious thought in matters of religion, or in the attendance upon those services to which the Church in due season called every one. For it was while the venerable old pastor lived, that this state of things lasted at Grönstetten. The good man himself diffused by his presence among them, as well as by his precepts, a spirit, not only of devotion, but of cheerfulness; nor would he have failed, in case of any causeless absence from church, or on occasion of a breach of morality, to visit, and faithfully reprove the offender. Even after his death, when the services were only occasionally performed by strangers, the change of feeling in the village would not have occurred, but for some other circumstances; doubtless the people themselves possessed sufficient independence and ground of faith to pursue their lives according to the true temper of rational men, but none interfered with them.

But, about this time, there came frequently to Grönstetten several preachers of a new and almost unknown sect, and of a cast altogether different from what the people had been accustomed to. These persons considered that in times past at Grönstetten all had been in a manner spiritually dead; that men there, indeed, were as good as asleep to all eternal realities, or were at best, dreamers of false peace.—Not only did they, in their fervid addresses, exaggerate the vileness of human nature, and set it against itself, but the idea of goodness placed by them before the mind, seemed one wholly different from its own direction of progress, if not altogether unattainable. Many simple natural affections were by them almost represented as sinful, while they looked upon the customary diversion in the light of unholy levities, and upon the old holyday practices, as traditions quite heathenish. In short, the heaven to which they pointed so mystically, appeared to consist in an utter contrast to all conceptions which were ever formed on earth, to every joy which had been felt by men, even in their moments of purest contact with each other and nature; the reward of some great sacrifice and toil, which were to be undergone. There was much talk of strange, unutterable changes to take place on the earth, for which preparation was to be made; and the new preachers exulted in the interpretation of prophecies, which they fancied could be understood beforehand, in making men uneasy at thought of an outward coming of the Lord, of wars, and destruction, which would make the world worse than ever it had been. Their meeting-house, opened in an old barn, was at first frequented chiefly by women, since the men and older people had a natural dislike to innovation; but eventually the very newness of the doctrine began to gain ground for it, and the fact of its being so distinct from that of the late pastor, only tended to reflect upon his memory. There is, certainly, something in our nature, by which those things most opposed to it, as in a kind of fascination, at times lay hold of it; so in hateful dreams or ghost-fears. Especially if the soul be not regularly furnished with supplies of healthy and cheerful enlightenment; and thus it was that this kind of unearthlike religion, imported by men of zeal, for the most part sincere, and also assisted by sympathy with other places in the neighbourhood, exerted so much influence at the village of Grönstetten. The first symptom of this was exhibited in a certain secret discomfort at home, a sense of division between persons of the same household, which made them look strangely and wonderingly on each other. It seemed, indeed, to be a principal and favourite object of the new-comers to gain over the female members; they aimed their chief blow at the family sacredness, alleging the words, "I am come to set the husband against the wife, the son against the father, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." People came to feel nature also as discordant with themselves; the very grass and trees, and the quietness of the air, seemed to many not so good as before; the mute, inanimate things appeared almost as so many tempting wiles of a hidden power which was below, working through all, and meaning man evil. One would have thought, as they stood listlessly at their doors of an evening, looking beyond into the distance, that they would have taken up staff or scrip and set out on a pilgrimage, had they but known where to go, or what to do. After all, however, this state of matters wore itself out, and gradually returned to something like the former; nor would any one have been the worse, rather, in truth, a little wiser, upon the eventual settlement of a new pastor at Grönstetten. Only, indeed, that a few who had not joined in the late feeling, and who had previously been united to their neighbours by intercourse, had, for the time seemed to be excluded from their better sympathies, became more worldly, and were inclined to scoff at holy things. As in all cases of extremes, the bad had grown more addicted to vice, none stretching out to them a better hand; and it was long ere a reviving sense of brotherhood did much to raise them higher.

Still the most peculiar feature of this excitement was, that, as if its impulse must extend through every class, the younger people latterly showed signs of a religious emotion, yet stronger and more remarkable than in those less subject to impressions from their years. What they saw and heard in others had sunk into the children's minds, which brooded upon it as if upon the sense of some dispeace, and contradiction at the heart of domestic forms; as if to their clearer instinct various inconsistencies in the practice of life, nay, in the parental relations, had been revealed; yet for which the true remedy had been by them misconceived. This appeared with many of them partly in the shape of impatience to go forth into the world, a weariness when the sunlight, shining into the cottage, stole from chair to chair, and the clock ticked monotonously against the wall. Something that was to be done and suffered seemed to lie far without; the object of their lives and souls, from which friends, parents, with their daily earth-customs, were tyrannically withholding them. But, chiefly, perhaps, from ill-judged dealing with this vague desire, was it frequently betrayed in enthusiastic words, in a sort of unaccountable ecstasy, in trances which some reckoned prophetic. Instead of the life-like, careless, childish games, and little quaint devices, which formerly enlivened the house or open air, they gathered together praying, as if for the fulfilment of an unspeakable distant longing; they went up the street, or across the fields, singing devout hymns. One or another at home would stand up by the table, unabashed by the presence of elder people, and speak from the seeming influence of some internal communication, mystical, half-articulate words, and piously-sounding reproofs or exhortations. It was in vain to chide or chastise them; trustful obedience, humility, content with home, simple duties, cheerful playfulness, were during this interval gone.—Parents expected every day to see the childish train assemble and depart from the village on some rapture-wandering; and they were careful every night to lock the doors, and see their family in bed.

None had watched throughout the course of this remarkable visitation, more unaffected by its power than the steadfast, intelligent old Wendel, schoolmaster of Grönstetten; but, especially, he observed its effect upon his own peculiar charge with no small measure of careful anxiety. One fine afternoon, towards the end of school-time, he dismissed the children from their tasks, and gathering them around his seat near the open casements, intimated his intention of relating to them a story from true history, as was occasionally his custom. The old dame his wife, and his daughter, were seated behind him with their work; and the venerable grey-haired man looked cheerfully on the crowd of sober young faces in front, as if he would have diffused somewhat of the spirit of childhood again from his own experience into their innocence. A book from which he had been reading at mid-day lay upon his little desk. Far beyond, out in the open air shown through the window, a golden sunlight came over the cool green woods, and fell upon the grey towers of the old ruined castle of Grönstetten.

"Children," said he, "yonder old castle takes us back in thought to the time in which I would speak. You must know, that in the old time things were very different from what they are now, although the same green earth and blue air enclosed between them men and children who were at heart the same as ourselves. However, the world was then in great darkness and ignorance; there were no books for children, nor pictures such as you have here to show you what is in other countries; nor were there any schools except for Churchmen. The good Heavenly Father, who is always teaching men, doth it by degrees; and for a long time it was only the priests and learned clerks who knew anything of what God had been doing with the world. This knowledge remained chiefly in their heads; but when the help of strong arms against unbelievers was needed, the time came in which warriors and people also were partly let into the secret. The heart of all Christendom was stirred with the thought that pilgrims were denied access to the place where such great matters had been transacted, and that the holy ground of our Saviour's burial was in the keeping of infidels, as if once more the stone which had been rolled away was put back, and Christ were buried again. Warriors and workmen, having now a part, as it were, in the Church, set out in multitudes to rescue Jerusalem. It was then, too, that the Lord of Grönstetten left his castle, seeking to expiate many a crime he had committed, by travelling so many leagues, and striking so many blows. All this was, no doubt, calculated to teach those who went, and those to whom they afterwards returned, not to place their heaven on earth, nor to make up for concerns of the soul by bodily things; when they found, *there* also, enemies of flesh and blood, and after all the sepuchire empty. Long afterthis, when the enthusiasm of men about the Holy Land was beginning to fail, and they were looking for the road to Heaven in other ways, the lingering spirit which had once led them forth, seemed to descend in a simpler and purer way into the hearts of children. You may be sure that to them at home, where all lessons and thoughts were learnt out of the shape of visible things, the sight of those brilliant pageants ever passing towards the East—the tales of pilgrims who came from thence—had been to them as a longing dream. The natural feeling of the young is like that of a heaven near to them—of a holy delight to be at once gained, and without conception of the long, difficult way between, or even of the real entrance to it. The firmament which lies overhead appears to descend upon the very earth at a distance, and all visions and radiant things to issue from an everlasting morning source that is attainable. They know not how, in reality, the natural world is rounded upon itself, so that over every particular spot a continual morn, noon, evening, and night are indeed breaking, that and that only in this same station should the life of each individual be best carried out, not leaving it, but accepting there every quiet degree of heaven. At this period of which I speak it became more and more the fashion of the Church, and of those who made pictures or images for shrines, to represent the Saviour as a young child in the arms of Mary his mother. For priests and grown men, the patron was Madonna: whereas Jesus seemed to have himself become again a little child, appealing finally to the hearts of children. When the Holy City and its land were relapsing once more into the hands of Moslems, many beheld visions and dreams of the Virgin, who, with a sad and pleading face, held out her son, or appeared to be vainly attempting to approach his grave. In France, Italy, and the south of our own German land, children and young people, as if without conference between each other, began very generally to imitate that desire which was already passing away from older persons. They took vows, and banded themselves together to deliver the Holy Land from bondage; nor were there wanting monks and priests who encouraged this emotion, proclaiming that God had chosen the weak things of this earth to confound the strong; and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings would perfect praise. Sometimes you might have seen parents, who in their ignorance partook of this enthusiasm, yoking their oxen to rude carts, and, with their children seated on their household goods, leaving home to find out the Holy Land; and at every city which they came in sight of, the children would shout joyfully, asking if that were Jerusalem. But in one part of Germany, at least those vague wishes were drawn out at last into action by the mysterious visits of one, attired like a palmer, with staff and scallop-shell, who passed from house to house, declaring the Divine call. At his voice, the group playing merrily by the wayside was changed into a throng of serious figures; fathers and mothers who returned from church or market found that this strange way-farer, during their absence, had stood at their hearth. In their longing to be concerned in some behest more pure and worthy than those which were enjoined by earthly friends, the young regarded all common tasks as trival; they forgot their own childhood in this phantom-Christ who seemed to call them away. The trees and roofs of home!—what were they to the spires and palms of that Jerusalem? And they looked upon the old people as foolish utterly. To the parents, truly this loss of love between them and those they had nourished was very dreadful—this Heaven, that would alienate and draw away their offspring into it, yet had no reference to their own hopes and wishes! In our times, the wise father knows how better to deal with such inexperienced dreams, which indeed are now rather more apt to represent this living world too brightly than to scorn it for spiritual objects; he suffers the boy to take time and find out the reality. But in those days heaven and earth were confounded; they knew not with what words or means to disprove these fancies; there was no world of books wherein the young soul might spend its superfluous thought and distinguish fact from ideas. Thus had they recourse only to outward watchfulness; to locking doors, and separating the children from their companions, whereby the more proud and wilful were but more confirm. They waited for escape, and got away even by making holes in the walls; issuing forth from home as to a festival procession, which, swelling by degress to many thousands, was heard passing by the villages, and on towards the East. The eldest was not more than *eighteen*, while numbers there were of far tenderer years, who, singing as they went, travelled under guidance only of the sky, as each morning it lightened up with radiance, and marked some especial valley or mountain-path at the last verge of a golden Orient. From towns or castles they held apart, sustained merely by the fruits of the earth, or by the gifts of solitary peasants, who rejoiced to offer food to the holy pilgrimage, while at the same time they carefully shut in their own children until it was long out of sight. But as the country grew around them more waste and desert, as they traversed wide, lonely, and barren plains, deep forests, or toilsome hills, the case became different. Some, scattered from the rest, lost their way; others, from weariness and hunger alone, dropped down and died—boys and girls, who in that hour only remembered the bitterness of their mothers' hearts for their loss. Still, the main body continued to press forward, encouraged by some bolder spirits amongst them, or by the steadfast, confiding faith of others; for it was the youngest often who seemed to be filled with such patient constancy, so ineffable a sense of Divine aid, that they would scarce have hesitated to cross the deep river on foot, or to throw themselves from the loftiest precipices. Ever and anon, beyond some rude ascent, the broad level of the earth would stretch before them to the silvery horizon, so bright, so green, so beautiful, that methought it was the border of a holier country. Or when the rainbow suddenly spanned the distance with its vivid arch, those who were foremost appeared to the last already to be entering through its gate of triumph into a land of glorious colours, of celestial transfiguement. Then would the stragglers press on in haste to make up with them, but only in time to mix with the crowd which now stood shivering and confused in the shadow of that cloud from which the meteor had passed away. Nevertheless, who could doubt but that the land which they sought, which had been attained by so many multitudes before, truly existed? Were not all these things but signs of its being—tokens that beckoned onward, or difficulties they were to conquer? And when at length the hearts of the children, hitherto sustained by fellow-feeling and the deep excitement of their imagination, did sink down utterly before these hardships, in ignorance of their way—when they had begun to think wistfully each of his own home, with its little daily tasks—then there appeared mysteriously, to guide them, the form of that unknown palmer who had first called them forth. It boots not to follow, step by step, their after wanderings—the further evils which befel them—by what weary ways, by what disappointments, and what incitements, they were encountered, until—still led by that strange messenger, whether man, or fiend, or angel—they reached the costs of the sea. For there, indeed, was the dream of those children bitterly dispelled; there they found a city where men spoke and thought only of buying and selling—where they lived to get gold. Thither, in truth, there came many barks from the East—from that region which had appeared to the children full only of thoughts and sacred mysteries; but the vessels were laden with silks and spices for the rich and noble at home. And, alas! lamentable was the fate of the young pilgrims, falling into the avaricious hands of those, who perchance had heard of their childish visions to draw them thus forth into their power. Because they had nothing else but their beloved gold to exchange for the costly products of the East, those merchants did not scruple even to send to Moors and Saracens for slaves these poor youthful victims who had so delivered themselves up. The ships were filled with many Christian children, who were thus borne by the wind and sea, as it were, into a region of utter doubt and evil—having cause almost to regard all our beliefs as falsehood, and all men as pitiless and unfriendly. It is sad, my children, to think how true these things were; that so many fair young maidens, who had been their fathers' and mothers' pride, were forced to brook the will of Turkish lords, growing up forgetful of that faith, which became to them as an early foolish vision; that so many once happy boys should wear away their lives in bondage beneath that very air which they had fancied holier than their own. Yet these had all issued forth in joyous expectation, filled with the hope of heaven. For so it is always on this earth, that happiness and goodness are really to be derived for us human beings through the commonest things. Not far away, nor in anything which we cannot easily do, but nearer and nearer every day to home, and what we are concerned with, is the Joy, the Peace which glimmers out of every living thing. When you hear of God and heaven, you ought not to think of these as having any meaning separated from direct, unhesitating, simple life—since God is in every growing leaf about us, no less than in the sky; and there is a part of heaven revealed in each right action of this day, in each smile of approval from your parents, and in all temperate earthly joys. Had these unhappy children continued but at home, believing like children that what was good for those older than they was good for themselves also,—looking through their parents at life and death, the necessities of home would have ever drawn round them a line of certainty, sufficient even amidst that unfavourable ancient time. But as it was, they were plunged all at once into a state of complete helplessness, where yesterday had no connection with to-day's work, where there was nothing to remind them of their former selves, only that their wish to wander forth to fair scenes was now exchanged for a sick heart-longing after Home, in which many pined away. However, there was one of the captive youths at Tunis to whom this thought of the spot he had so foolishly left became gradually a sort of nourishment and support, as it grew more clear and fond. Even after his religious belief, for want of the due confirmation, had almost died away, or yielded to his Moorish master's commands, yet the recollection of childish years came in its place, growing and strengthening the more the longer his captivity endured. In his master's train did this youth visit first Mecca, which followers of the Prophet consider holy, and finally also Jerusalem itself. In the latter place, which, so many years before, he and his companion had ignorantly set out to reach, he now was struck with painful wonder, both at all things there, and at himself. Nothing more beautiful or holy was there here than elsewhere. The fields, the woods, and the hut where he was born were, in his mind, fairer far than this pale, scattered city, with its deep, dark valleys of tombs, into which the grey Desert crept. Almost a scorn of all beliefs flashed upon him as he saw the dusty pilgrims prostrate around a piece of silent stone in the church of the Sepulchre, while the turbaned faces of the Moslem sneered behind. Only there still abode in his heart *one* deep holy Thought, which seemed alone to contain many others unknown—the thought of that one place on earth which had been the source to him of pure feelings, and where he had once been so near to some different beginning of life. It appeared to him that it indeed was worthy to make a pilgrimage to, and that, if he could again return thither, he should from it behold the true opening into things which were at present to him dead and unintelligible. The last hope of his better nature had, as it were, passed unnoticed over his head, and now shone far behind, instead of in the airy future; and thus he remembered how, long ago, on their childish adventure, he had seen with misgiving the Eastern morning sun before them renew its splendour over again in the West.

"At last, accordingly, this same wanderer did escape from thraldom, and come back to his native Germany. On reaching the place where his father's little hut had stood, by the side of the clear forest stream, which he remembered well, yet he found it gone, to the very threshold posts. The clear stream ran past still under the old tree roots, and the entrance into the wood was there; but nothing remained of the dwelling whence he had stolen forth in the early morning to join the children's march, before its blue smoke had risen up over the forest top against the sky. There arose within him clearly, as he stood in a bitter trance, every little circumstance of the household;—what his father and his mother were; the common and quiet joy, without words, which he knew not till then had been hidden in sleep, and in meal-times, and in trifling acts; the happiness which he now felt would have grown daily out of helping them in their declining years. Yet these had been forsaken for a dream, excited perchance, by evening radiance on the hills, by bright skies seen through the trees, by distant sounds, the very delight of which was lost when home was left. He stood close at hand, and, notwithstanding, the whole was more irrecoverable than ever—the open air came down to the foundations, and was spread across the chamber floor. The late dead forest was now putting forth its green buds—the grass was verdant with the spring—flowers were blossoming in it—birds were singing—and all nature was warmly bursting up again into full life after winter. The bells of the convent near rang loudly for the yesper-service, as it was Easter-day, the festival of Resurrection; and when the wanderer turned round the forest, he beheld village children rolling on the grass their coloured Paschal-eggs. In these many years the unhappy departure of him and his companions had been forgotten. All were rejoicing because of some nameless cheer. But at the door of one cottage there sat an old pair upon a wooden bench, enjoying the warm evening air, and gazing at the children—while a young maiden, their daughter, stood in the doorway, her fair hair tinged with the golden light. These good people accosted the wanderer kindly, for they saw that his features were darkened by hotter suns; and it seemed to them that perhaps he was a pilgrim, and had been in the East. Their greeting was in accordance with the custom at that season of Easter, and they said, 'Peace be with you—Christ is risen,' expecting the usual answer,—'Yea, he is risen, indeed.' But the wanderer stared blankly upon them and the young girl, wondering, in truth, as all the events of his past life came fast upon his mind, and as he recollected the old feelings with which he had set out from home. For a deep mystery of Home appeared at that moment to be revealed to him; he almost understood why it was vain, and had been to him vain, to seek abroad for that which all the while was nearest of all things to the soul. Yet, on the other hand, the old people were much surprised, when he told them that night of his wanderings, how it was that he who had visited the Sepulchre itself, did not perceive there best that the Saviour was risen. And it could perhaps only be thoroughly apprehended by the returned pilgrim himself, when once more there arose for him a home on the spot where his father's cottage had stood, and when it was shared with him by that fair young maiden whose countenance had first again restored to him the conception of life which he had lost.—For then it was that, in the fulfillment of common, simple necessities, in unquestioning intercourse with natural things, and in gradual progress to the holy grave, he felt truly how the pure and complete hope of happiness proceeds out of the bosom of human life; how the desire of goodness must be drawn out of real experience; and how enthusiasm disproportioned to its object is dangerous and false. It was thus, my children," said the old schoolmaster, looking round them all in succession, "that one of the children who sought the Holy Land far off, was taught to seek it near at hand; and that perhaps many knights and pilgrims of the Crusade may have found it on their return. And the mistakes of that period are doubtless capable of their benefit to us.

"It is now with us no longer a formal, but a spiritual system of things; the heavenly good, the communion of God with man, are no more confined to particular places and signs, nor, on the other hand, to singular acts and language. Christ hath made all things, yea, the very commonest, holy to us and sacramental, if we only strive to apprehend their deep inward meaning. It is the religion of The Homely,—of Him who as a child in Bethlehem concerned himself with little household matters as they befell; and thus prepared himself for being about his Great Father's business in the Temple. Duty extends her mighty, solemn chain unbrokenly from the lowest to the highest: nay, the least insect in the grass performs a behest that is not to be contemned. This was one chief lesson of The Great Master's earthly life,—and in his Resurrection from death, also, taught he his disciples not to limit his presence to any one form of things, but to look for it in all: when they found the Grave empty, and yet in an ordinary figure, or in a passenger by the way, they suddenly recognized their Lord, and He seemed to break out of everything that was around them. There is nothing now in itself common or unclean, nothing in itself that contains a peculiar sacred virtue; but that which is next and nearest ourselves is capable, by inexpressible degrees, of all good, having been framed by God himself. So often we seek far off what would have come to us and been ours, had we but sat still, waiting, acting with a simple heart. We mark out to us high deeds, we would fain search out somewhat great and painful to accomplish,—as if there were not small matters enough, and pleasant ones,—aye, and the most difficult, toilsome ones too, with their secret crowns and garlands of reward,—all bounded within the poorest threshold!—Now, my little youths and maidens, having listened so gravely to the old man's discourse, go like children and play yourselves homeward: there and here, you have need of all reverence, obedience, and thoughtfulness."

Whether or not old Wendel's hearers appreciated the particulars of his lesson, we are not aware; but from the excitement in the village having after that taken a decided turn, we may suppose that, on the whole, it was not without its use there and round about the place. And so, if more perfectly expressed, and when rightly and fully understood, the doctrine implied by this and numberless similar facts in human history might be in many another community.

From the Hampshire Gazette.

THE WANTON MISREPRESENTATIONS OF THE PRESS.

Ten years ago Roswell Goss was a man of very delicate health. He was of a consumptive family, and decided indications of a strong predisposition to that disease were evident in himself. Several members of the family, and particularly two of his sisters, have since died of consumption. In the hope of improving his health, he, about the time abovenamed, adopted that mode of living, popularly called. "*The Graham System.*" His health gradually improved, and he became a vigorous, and very active man; remarkable for his pedestrian ability. He often walked eight miles in an hour, and on one occasion walked sixteen miles in two hours.

Some eight years ago, Mr. Goss opened the "GRAHAM HOUSE," at 63 Barclay-st. New-York, which he continued to keep about six years. During all this time his health was excellent; and he had no intimations of a consumptive predisposition. Two years since, he sold out his interest in the "GRAHAM HOUSE;" and soon after connected himself with a Fourier Association; and from that time subsisted on a mixed diet, including animal food. The interest he took in the cause of Association induced him, hardly one year since, to go to Michigan. While journeying in the West—to use his language—he found nothing but *hog and hominy* to eat. During his travels in Michigan, (the roads being extremely bad from recent rains,) he came across a team almost swallowed up in a mud hole. The wagon contained a family, consisting of a man and his wife and two or three small children. The horses were unable to draw the wagon and its contents from the hole, and, after many fruitless efforts, had refused to exert themselves. Goss seeing the family in this situation, and moved with sympathy, particularly for the mother and her children, immediately jumped from the vehicle in which he was traveling, and waded knee deep into the mud, and took the children and carried them out to solid ground, and then assisted the man in getting his wife out, and in getting the horses and wagon from the mud-hole. Thus was standing for a considerable time, in cold, autumnal weather, up to his knees in mud. After having accomplished this act of benevolence, finding his boots filled with muddy water, he drew them off, and emptied and shook them as dry as he could, pressed as much water as he could from his stockings with his hands, and then drew on his wet boots, jumped into his wagon, and rode in this condition ten miles. He became thoroughly chilled; a severe cold was induced, and violent cough soon ensued: and now, for the first time since he adopted a vegetable diet, and more than a year after he had returned to a mixed diet, symptoms of a consumptive predisposition and affection were developed in him. He was, however, little alarmed at them, and thought he should soon throw them off; and, therefore, instead of taking the best and most prompt measures to recover his health he suffered his morbid symptoms to continue little attended to: returned to his friends in Dutchess County, New-York and finding his cough still bad, he shut himself up in a close room, heated to a high temperature by an air-tight stove; and there remained wholly inactive, with little or no access to the open air four months. At the end of this confinement, tubercular consumption was deeply and irremediably fixed upon his lungs. There is no reason to believe that any earthly means could then have saved him. But he was strong in the faith that he should recover, and submitted himself to the water-cure treatment, which, however beneficial in cases of other diseases is rarely if ever so in confirmed tubercular consumption, and should be avoided, or at most, employedonly in its mildest form, as a palliative, in that disease.

The foregoing memoir of Mr. Goss was given by himself to the writer and several friends in this place, a short time before his death.

Mr. Goss died at the age of 38, on the 24th of August last; and the *New-York Sunday Dispatch*, noticing his death, remarks as follows:

"Mr. Goss started the Graham House eight years ago, one of the most active and healthy of men, but in that short time he found, as the simpleton of old did, in the case of his horse, that it is impossible to live without adequate nourishment. So he died."

A correspondent of *The Tribune* justly exposes and rebukes the egregious misrepresentations of the *Dispatch*, yet the *New-York Express*, nothing daunted, boldly reiterates the vile falshood, as if it were the appropriate business of that press to mislead the public mind.

Northampton, Sept. 20, 1847.

At the last meeting of the New-York Historical Society the following original letter by Gen. Washington was presented by John P. Simpson, Esq.:

NEWBURGH, 5th Nov. 1782.

DEAR SIR: By Dr. Gregg I send you four joes £6. 9. 3, which appears to be the balance due you for your lands.

I pray you to get me made by the measure enclosed, a pair of the nicest and best leather breeches. I know not at this time who is esteemed the most celebrated maker, or I would not trouble you with so small a matter. Formerly there was a person called, I think, the Carabous, by whom very neat breeches were made. Whether they are yet to be had I know not, neither do I know the price of the leather breeches at this day, but if the money sent is not sufficient, the deficiency shall be paid on demand. I would beg to have them sent to me as soon as possible. I shall thank you for reiteratiug my request that they may be made roomy in the seat. They generally make them so tight in the thigh that it is with difficulty they can be drawn on. The measure enclosed is the size I would have, not what they could be brought to by stretching.

Yours, &c. G. WASHINGTON.

CURIOSITIES OF STATISTICS.—No man can say what will be the weather to-morrow, but the quantity of rain which falls in any particular place in five years precisely the same quantity which falls in any other five years at the same place. Thus, while it is impossible to predict, of any one Frenchman, that during the next year he will commit a crime, it is quite certain that one in every six hundred and fifty will do so, because in past years the proportion has been generally about that amount, the tendency to crime in relation to the temptation, being everywhere invariable over a sufficiently wide range of time. So, also, the number of persons taken in charge by the police in London, for being drunk and disorderly in the streets, is, week by week, a nearly uniform quantity, showing that the inclination to drink to excess is always in the mass about the same, regard being had to the existing temptations or stimulations to this vice. Even mistakes and over sights are of regular occurrence; for it is found in the post offices of the large cities that the number of letters put in without addresses is year by year the same. Statistics have made out an equally distinct regularity, in a wide range, with regard to things concerning the mind, and the doctrine founded upon it has lately produced a scheme that may well strike the ignorant with surprise. It is proposed to establish in London a society for insuring the integrity of clerks, secretaries, collectors, and all such functionaries as are obliged to find security for money passing through their hands in the course of business. This guarantee society has gone into operation, and is likely to become a useful and prosperous institution.

A GREEK EXECUTIONER.—The sentimental Greeks are averse to death punishments, and by way of stopping them, assassinate the public executioner So systematically was this done, that the Government had to procure a Frenchman, who stipulated for the concealment of his office, even from his wife and family, as in the following case. This was promised, as he was to live out of the way, in the island of Egina.

"His task performed, Carripeze returned to Egina, to his home. The same powerful guard was in requisition to conduct him to his house; and for greater security they landed at night, for they knew thenceforward the life of Carripeze must hang on a thread, unless he could shield himself from the vengeance of the people of Egina.

"When he arrived at the door of his house—his only refuge—the miserable man found it closed against him. Within there was a sound of weeping and prayer; but the wife he had deceived so long, whose love seemed turned to loathing, persisted in shutting him out from her house, as utterly as she had driven him from her heart! It was in vain he expostulated, but the fact of his arrival had become known, and already the infuriated population was seen rushing toward, him in resistless numbers. He called out to his wife that his life's blood was about to stain her very threshold; and then her heart melted to the father of her children!—She opened the door, and he darted in, whilst the multitude raged round his stronghold, which they were only prevented from burning to the ground by the wish to spare his innocent family.

"To what a home had he returned, poor unhappy man! His wife and children shrunk from his presence as from a baneful thing; whatever room he entered they abandoned; and though he heard their voices, and saw them close at hand, he was yet more utterly alone than the loneliest prisoner in his dungeon.

"One moonless night, when it was very dark, he stole out of his once dear home, where his presence was a curse, and went to breathe the fresh air on the beach. He had not advanced a hundred yards when he fell prostrate to the ground, shot right through the heart, with so sure an aim that he was dead before the shout of exultation which had followed his sudden fall had burst from the lips of his avengers.

"The people had taken it in turns to lie in wait for him behind a certain fofty cypress tree, close to his house; and the two young men beneath whose bullets he fell, considered themselves most fortunate in having been the chosen of destiny for the execution of their purpose."—[Sketches of Greeks and Turks.]

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

AN EVENING PARTY AT MADAM DE STAEL'S.—I went only once to Madam de Stael's evening parties. The Emperor of Russia was present, and walked about without any ceremony. Madam de Stael was the only person who preserved perfect freedom of manner towards him, and she alone kept up the conversation. I pushed a little way into the room and heard the hostess turn the conversation on the subject of the Slave-Trade, and her illustrious guest called it, with some indignation, "infamous." A Portuguese, I forget whether it was the Marquis Marialva, ventured to hint to the Emperor that serfdom still prevailed in his own dominions. The Emperor was taken aback for one moment, but immediately recovered his self-possession, and said with noble firmness, "You are quite right: serfdom exists in Russia, but the difference between serfs and negro slaves is very great. However, I will not now dispute this point, but declare that the existence of serfdom is an evil which must be abolished, and that, with God's blessing, it shall cease during my reign." A murmur of applause ran through the whole assembly; for the Emperor had spoken these words aloud; and they were instantly repeated and commented upon.—*Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany.*

*CONSECRATED COLOURS.—Ladies are held to be the best judges of colours; hence it is, we presume, that a woman is so frequently selected to present a regiment with its spick and span new banner. Now, for ourselves, though we would bow to the judgement of ladies, exercised on colours at Howell and James's, we have little opinion of their choice in barracks. They may know, at the mercer's, what colours may wash well, but all they can possibly predicate of colours of the English army is, that they will not *run*. We could wish the gentle creatures to be content with this knowledge. What have they, in the true dignity of their sex, to do with soldiering? What has Venus to do with powder—that is, gunpowder?

However, a banner—being duly blessed by the chaplain to her Majesty's troops, in Forton and Haslar barracks—was a few days since presented to the 2d (Queen's Royal) regiment by Lady Augusta Fitzclarence. First, however, for the blessing; the clergyman thus prays:

"We now, O Lord, implore *Thy* protection and blessing on these banners, which we would this day *consecrate to Thy service* and the defence and honour of our sovereign and her dominions. In Thy name, O Lord, do we set up these banners."

We know no prayer akin to this throughout the New Testament. We tax our memory, and can remember no place in which a banner—to wave above fire, bloodshed, rape and rapine—was "set up" to the spirit of Christianity,

But in time gone by we have put the question, and it may be again preferred—Why bless the banners only? Why not bless the cannon—why not bless the bayonets? In fact, to begin with the beginning, why should not the Bishop of the diocese bestow a peculiar blessing on the men and boys employed in gunpowder mills; in the manufacture of the destructive matter to be used in the "service," and in the "name" of the God of Goodness? According to these "blessings," what a sweet-smelling odour must ever reek from the battle-field to the throne of grace! What an altar, and what a comely sacrifice, a field of Waterloo, with its thousands of stiffened corses!

The absurdity, the wickedness of this is, that every war is undertaken in the service of the Lord! For instance, we, of course, in the war of independence, cut the throats of the Americans for the service and in the name of Christianity!

As for woman, her attention to colours should be confined to the mercer's shop, and not extended to the soldier's barrack. If, however, the gentle creature must take an interest in things military, let her leave the colours to the clergyman, and employ herself solely upon lint.—*Punch.*

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN TUSCANY.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany has just announced to the Commission which, he nominated to draw up a new penal code that his intention is to suppress entirely the penalty of death, and to substitute cellular imprisonment for hard labour at the hulks, and in houses of correction.

AN ANECDOTE OF MR. O'CONNELL'S DEATH BED.—It is on record that the common disturber of Europe, Pope Hildebrand, dying somewhere near Naples, exclaimed, no doubt, in perfect sincerity, "Dilexi justitiam et odovi iniquitatem, ergo morior in exilo." (I have loved justice, and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile)—but as for Mr. O'Connell, his exile itself was voluntary, not like the banishment of an illustrious writer of antiquity, whose dying moments are sung by Lamartine:

Au rivage des morts avant que de descendre
Ovide lève au ciel de suppliantes mains,
Aux Sarmates barbares il a légué sa cendre,
Mais sa gloire aux Romains!

Then with both hands uplifted the bard ere he breathed
His last sigh far away from his kindred and home,
To the Scythians his ashes hath left—but bequeathed
All his glory to Rome!

The mention of uplifted hands may well introduce an anecdote of Dan's dying chamber. It seems that the pressure on the brain had caused, naturally enough, partial paralysis of the limbs. On the 14th of May he was observed by his chaplain to draw his right arm from the bed-clothes, and making a feeble effort